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Four Wilson Campaign Speeches

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In the election of 1910 a university president became governor of New Jersey, soon afterward to enter the White House. Printed here for the first time are copies of four speeches made by Woodrow Wilson in that significant 1910 campaign, which have been preserved for nearly forty years in the Society's library. Dr. Noble, who has so ably prepared them for publication, is a former PROCEEDINGS *contributor, member of the Pratt Institute faculty, and well-known authority on Wilson and the politics of his day.*

THE 1910 New Jersey gubernatorial was one of the most important campaigns in American history. During its course, Woodrow Wilson took his first big strides from conservative to progressive, and by its result he won the chance to demonstrate a political and executive leadership which made possible his nomination and election as President in 1912. For New Jersey, the 1910 campaign and the Wilson governorship marked the culmination of the long, slow struggle for reform legislation which progressive minorities in both parties had been waging since the turn of the century.[1]

The Progressive Movement in New Jersey, like that in other states, aimed to break the corrupt alliance between business corporations and political machines, to restore the government to the people, and to use that restored government for social and economic betterment. New Jersey Progressivism worked for such political reforms as the direct primary, corrupt practices acts, and the popular election of Senators, and such economic innovations as equal taxation of railroads, public utility regulation, workingmen's compensation, and effective corporation control. Leaders like George L. Record, Mark M. Fagan, and Everett Colby in the Republican party, and Joseph P. Tumulty and Martin P.

[1]For a lively and authoritative account of the campaign, see Arthur S. Link, *Wilson, the Road to the White House* (Princeton, 1947), Ch. 7.

Devlin among the Democrats, had been fighting for progressive measures for years, and by 1910 the voters of the state were in a receptive mood for a reform appeal.[2]

Wilson did not enter the campaign as a progressive favorite; quite the contrary, he was originally forced upon the 1910 Democratic convention by the party bosses, who expected him to be an easily-managed respectability-front for the machine. His first few campaign speeches, vague and noncommittal on the issues, did nothing to belie the bosses' expectations. But Wilson soon realized that he needed the progressive vote of both parties to win, and he began hewing more and more closely to the progressive line on direct primaries, utility regulation, workingmen's compensation, corporation control, and the other issues that insurgents had been urging for a decade or more.

The four speeches reproduced here were delivered late in the campaign, after Wilson's conversion to progressivism was far advanced; they deal specifically with the issues of the day and breathe a spirit of freedom from machine control. The manuscripts were presented to the New Jersey Historical Society Library in 1923 by Ambrose T. Ball, of Newark,[3] with the notation that they had been taken down stenographically by Clarence Sackett. One of the reporters who covered the Wilson campaign was Charles Reade Bacon of the Philadelphia *Rcord,* who gives this interesting account of how the speeches happened to be recorded:

When the Democratic State Committee learned that it would not be possible for the candidate to prepare his addresses so that copies could be sent out to the newspapers in advance, Chairman Nugent[4] organized a corps of stenographers and typists to accompany him on the tour of the state to take the speeches as they are delivered each night. The task was assigned to Clarence Sackett, an expert of Newark, who has been a stenographer in the Supreme Court for years.[5] The system is now working to

[2]See Ransom E. Noble, *New Jersey Progressivism before Wilson* (Princeton 1946).

[3]At the time of the Wilson campaign, Ambrose T. Ball was secretary to James Nugent, chairman of the Democratic State Committee. He later served for many years as clerk in the Department of Revenue and Finance of Newark. Newark *News,* Nov. 18, 1930, Nov. 7, 1932, and Oct. 11, 1935 (obituary).

[4]James R. Nugent, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, was the nephew of Democratic boss James Smith, Jr., and an important party leader in his own right.

[5]Clarence Sackett (1860-1938) had actually performed his major stenographic service for the Essex Circuit Court at Newark and the United States courts in New Jersey. He took up law and was admitted to the bar in 1902, but continued some stenographic work. See obituary in Newark *News,* Aug. 17, 1938; Bigelow and Hagar, *Biographical Cyclopedia of New Jersey* (New York, n.d.), pp. 162-64.

a nicety. Mr. Sackett takes the first fifteen minutes of the address, retires to the most convenient room . . . and reads from his notes to a swift typewriter, while one of his assistants is 'taking' the next fifteen minutes, retiring for a second assistant, who usually gets the last of the speech, Mr. Wilson usually talking forty-five minutes. In this manner the correspondents are able to get carbon copies of the first part of the address before all of it is delivered and to put it on the wires for transmission to their papers . . .[6]

In view of the manner in which the manuscripts were prepared, it is not surprising that they are full of typographical errors, that no systematic attempt was made at paragraphing, and that the punctuation is often erratic. In their preparation for publication here, all obvious typographical errors have been automatically corrected and paragraphing has been introduced where needed. In places where the meaning is not clear, it has sometimes been possible to find a correct version in a newspaper account of the address.

Bacon, a Wilson admirer, describes the candidate's speaking technique in these glowing terms:

He never consults a note or a memorandum, but stands up firmly, his keen eyes fastened upon his audience, which he invariably wins with the first terse sentences and holds to the end of his beautiful perorations, and the well-rounded sentences, clean-cut diction and faultless rhetoric flow from him like the silvery waters over the rocks of a forest brook. Sometimes the newspapermen . . . catch their breaths, halt their pencils and consider how he is going to extricate himself from a seemingly linguistic pitfall when, in the most natural manner in the world, he will come smoothly out, smiling and effectively, amid a fresh outbreak of applause from his audience.[7]

Whether Wilson always extricated himself this smoothly, the reader may judge for himself.

I

The first of these addresses was delivered in Passaic on the evening of November 1. The meeting was the first ever held in the handsome new high school, and a crowd of nearly two thousand turned out for what the Passaic Daily Herald *called*

[6]Charles Reade Bacon, *A People Awakened, the Story of Woodrow Wilson's First Campaign* (Garden City, 1912), pp. 64-65. This book, consisting of Bacon's daily dispatches and parts of his weekly letters on the campaign, furnishes a contemporary account by a very friendly observer. Excerpts from Wilson's speeches are included in the dispatches, but in no case anything approaching the full text.

[7]*Ibid.*, p. 64.

"the finest, largest, most impressive political meeting that Passaic ever saw."[8] *Wilson spoke as follows:*

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: I conceive it a great honor to be greeted in Passaic by an audience like this. It is indeed inspiring and makes anything that I may try to say, worth while. I have found myself very much interested as I sat here waiting for the proceedings to begin in my surroundings. This noble hall, used I understand for the first time tonight except on the occasion of its formal opening, and used for an occasion like this, for a use like this. Having been, during the greater part of my life, a school master, devoted to public service of the nation, and of the young of the nation, it is an added touch of inspiration in facing this audience that I should face it in this room; and I do not feel that my task this evening is radically different from what I would have undertaken had I met this audience in this room at any time.

Princeton University is one of the few universities which has been frank enough to maintain a chair of politics, wishing to redeem it from the degradation sometimes put on it, and to associate with the word "Politics" the serious study of the government of states, and, by the use of human power, in the ratification of human affairs,[9] and therefore from month to month there goes on in the class rooms of that university discussion of such matters as we shall discuss here tonight, for I have not come here to discuss any question in a partisan spirit or from a partisan point of view, but to expound to you, as candidly as I know how, the questions that involve the welfare of New Jersey.

For after all this is a singular campaign; it does not belong to that ridiculous comedy of politics which we see when men are merely struggling for office. There is nothing more dull, there is nothing less worth while, there is nothing more laughable than the mere struggle of men to occupy public office. If public office is the object of politics, then politics is not worth the serious consideration of men who are interested in the betterment of communities and in the achievement of things. I conceive myself to have come here tonight in order to expound, if I may, what I might call the dynamics of politics. We are not interested in the mere filling of offices; they are easily filled; we can get volunteers for that at any time. But we are interested in getting something done for the State of New Jersey, and that is not easy to do, and there are not abundant volunteers for that undertaking. We are interested in applying force in the direction in which we want to move, and we are interested in the

[8]Editorial, Nov. 2, 1910.

[9]Perhaps this should read, "and to associate with the word 'Politics' the serious study of the government of states and the use of human power in the ratification of human affairs." Dr. John Wells Davidson, editor of *A Crossroads of Freedom: the 1912 Campaign Speeches of Woodrow Wilson* (New Haven, 1956), suggests that "ratification" is a stenographic error for either "regulation" or "rectification." Dr. Davidson has been most helpful in checking the typescripts and in suggesting improved readings for a number of garbled passages.

movement as much as we are interested in the force. The force is the force of parties, the force of men united to vote together to a common end. But the force is not half so interesting as the thing [it is] applied to accomplish.[10] It is applied to accomplish public policies; and the interesting thing of [the] present campaign is that we have not made up our minds about most of the important matters that affect the immediate, present welfare of New Jersey, from the point of view of politics.

Opinion is ready. Who is not ready? Why, if we know the direction in which we want to move, is there any difficulty or doubt as to the choice we should make regarding the means of moving in that direction? We have made up our minds. It is another interesting thing to notice the indications that we have made up our mind. You don't find any unanimity upon public questions, if you look at the two platforms of the two parties, except on two points. The democratic platform and the republican platform promise the same thing on two important matters,[11] but upon the rest all the promises, all the undertakings and all the programs are to be found in the democratic platform. But since these two platforms were adopted the republican candidate for governor has added, time after time, until he has almost moved to make it unanimous as to what we desire to do and what he desires to do and what he hopes, along with the democratic candidates, may be accomplished at the next session of the State Legislature.[12]

We have made up our minds, then, about what? Why, for one thing, we have made up our minds about the public utilities commission. We all want a public utilities commission, and we want a public utilities commission that will have some definite and effectual powers.[13] That is unanimous. But we have not considered this matter very carefully in its details.

What, after all, is our main object in having a public utilities commission? Many of you are commuters and you will say that your main object in having a public utilities commission is to regulate rates. Yes. But the

[10]Here I have followed the quotation in Bacon, *op. cit.*, p. 196. The typescript reads, "as the thing applied to accomplished."

[11]It is difficult to tell from an examination of the party platforms just what two planks Wilson had in mind. Both platforms advocated conservation, utility regulation, employers' liability legislation, and civil service reform, but in almost every instance the Democratic plank was the stronger. The Democratic program also called for administrative reorganization of the state government, equalization of taxes, an eight-hour day on public works, corporation control, a corrupt practices act, and the extension of the direct primary to all elective offices. For texts see *Manual of the Legislature of New Jersey*, 1911, pp. 164-68.

[12]Wilson's opponent was Vivian M. Lewis of Paterson, State Commissioner of Banking and Insurance, a man with nearly twenty years' political experience. Although not officially identified with the progressive wing of the Republican party, Lewis shared many of its views. Link, *op. cit.*, pp. 175 *ff.* For contemporary newspaper comment on the progressive trend of his campaign speeches, see Newark *News*, Oct. 11, 1910, editorial, and Oct. 14, 1910.

[13]The 1910 legislature, in response to public pressure, had set up a public utility commission, but had refused to give it power to fix rates, make a physical valuation of utility property, or effectively enforce its decisions. See Noble, *op. cit.*, pp. 111-13.

regulation of rates acts upon a great many other things which are fundamental to the regulation of rates, and which things interest a community just as much as the regulation of rates interest us. The main function of a public utilities commission properly clothed with power, is to display to the public, by inquiry, full information concerning the affairs and the finances of the public utility corporations; to be a board which can hear complaints concerning all kinds of lack of service and all kinds of discrimination in service, have the same kind of right that the interstate commerce commission at Washington has to rectify abuses and to correct inequalities of service; to check all those preferences which may be shown to be inequitable to individuals or to localities, and then building upon these regulations, building upon the information to establish equitable rights,[14] rights which will be equitable alike to the common carrier, to the water company, to the gas company, and to the electric light company, and equitable to the communities which they serve. That is the full program. I don't believe there is any ground for serious debate by anybody on that question. Opinion is ready. Who is not ready?

Then there is another matter about which we have made up our minds We have made up our minds that we want a very effectual direct primaries act, one that will be very much more effectual than the one we now have.[15] The one we now have has gone a certain distance and has rendered us some satisfaction, but why do we want a direct primaries act? I am afraid because most of us don't take the trouble to inform ourselves, because ordinarily we are very content to go along in a sleepy and in-attentive fashion in the matter of our own government.

I was saying to an audience in another place made up very largely of gentlemen who did their business in New York, that is was very fortunate that the issues of this campaign had been introduced and discussed in the New York papers, else they might not have known what was going on in New Jersey; for their attention, in most instances, is concentrated upon the matters which are in the New York papers, and they do not pay a very active attention to the matters which center upon the communities in which they live in New Jersey. I do not think that most American communities can congratulate themselves upon a very active and vigilant participation in self government. It cannot be that we want direct primaries because we have such a keen appetite for the business of politics, for we have not shown that keen appetite. No; the desire for direct primaries is based upon a certain uneasiness and jealousy. We see that the business of choosing candidates for office and delegates to conventions and all the other persons who have been chosen in the process of politics, has been concentrated and monopolized in the hands of managing politicians. We want to see an open, not a shut, game. We won't always, I imagine, make

[14]Perhaps this word should be "rates."

[15]The existing direct primary system, enacted under progressive influence in 1903, 1907, and 1909, was limited to state legislators, county and municipal officials, and members of county and city political committees. Noble, *op. cit.*, pp. 131-39.

a very active use of the direct primary, but we know that we can use it if we choose, and that we can put the machine out of business whenever it occurs to us to do so. I dare say that the machine politicians will regard the direct primary as most of us do regard the lightning rod. It will, in most instances, carry the lightning off; but we never know when we are going to get struck, and, therefore, we regularly say our prayers; we are regularly attentive to all the possible accidents and dangers of a very uncertain game. That is the reason, I suppose, that we want direct primaries. Opinion is made up. Who is not ready, if opinion is?

Then we want another matter in which we are very much interested, perhaps more interested in other communities than you are in Passaic, but we want a very thoroughgoing workmanlike employer's liability act,[16] not because we regard the working man—as I have so many times said in this campaign—as a separate class that has separate interests, but because we regard the working man as a part, a very essential and fundamental part of our great industrial community, who have the same right to protection that the rest of us have; because we want to put our great industrial processes upon such a footing that those who cannot otherwise take care of themselves shall be protected against undue injury from those industrial processes. We are carrying on the industries of a great nation by the sweat of the brow and the skill of the hand of hundreds of thousands of good men, and we have got to see to it that they do not suffer in the processes, who are the processes that sustain us all. Opinion is ready about that. Who is not?

Then there are other matters that we are greatly interested in. There is a matter that I take it you are particularly interested in. There has been a long history of the Passaic river. One can get a sniff of that history as he comes along the road. It is lifted to heaven out of the very waters of the stream. It has a solidity—that stream has—unknown elsewhere in the fluid world. If you seek high up the stream in order to find pure waters, you find those waters going astray. You find those waters beckoned to and led off by a certain water company[17] which says: "This way, if you please. We have some private business to transact with you. Will you follow us? We are going to sell you wholesale and retail to certain communities who

[16]The 1909 legislature had passed a weak liability law which left intact many of the antiquated legal defenses by which employers escaped responsibility. Noble, *op. cit.*, pp. 125-27.

[17]The East Jersey Water Company, incorporated in 1889. See Leo P. Carlin, *Water Supply of the City of Newark* (Newark, 1949), p. 5; Henry M. Doremus, *Newark's Water Supply* (Newark, 1905), pp. 13, 14. The problem of the pollution of the Passaic River had been a sanitary, economic, and political issue ever since the 1890's. With its upper length tapped for water supply purposes, its lower reaches became an open sewer for the communities along its banks. See W. E. Sackett, *Modern Battles of Trenton* (2 vols., Trenton, 1894), II, 149 *ff.* For an account of the early years of this problem, see Daniel Jacobson,"The Pollution Problems of the Passaic River," *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society,* July 1958, pp. 186-98. Wilson had just driven from Newark to Passaic along the River Road route, so he had immediate olefactory evidence of the stream's condition. Newark *News,* Nov. 2, 1910.

are waiting for you in the levels below." In the meantime there are all sorts of things that lawyers call riparian rights, which are lying neglected and unused and unasserted in these same levels below. Now, that has a legislative history back of it. I am not here to utter an indictment against the men who passed the legislation that made the diversion of the water of the Passaic possible. We were a pretty benighted people once upon a time about questions of that kind, and I am perfectly willing to admit that these gentlemen were merely benighted if that sits better on their stomachs. But nevertheless there was a time when a thing very dangerous for all this section of New Jersey was done—a thing dangerous to its health, a thing dangerous to its very existence—why if there had not been abundant rainfall in the month of June, what would have been the effect on this community and the communities that lie about us, the great urban area of New Jersey, as the result of those recent droughts? It makes one sick at heart to think of the consequences that might have ensued. Now, are we in our folly always going to wait upon providential rainfall, when Providence did not give us any license to wait on it and at the same time make fools of ourselves? That Cromwellian motto, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," was just as important in one clause as in the other. God does not trust a soldier who does not keep his powder dry.

I remember a very pertinent question being asked an old Puritan in the days of the early settlement of the country, who professed himself absolutely confident of the providence of God. He had a fatalistic confidence in the providence of God. He believed that nothing could happen but what was intended by God to happen. He was asked very pertinently: "Why do you carry a gun, if you are going to die when your time has come?" He said, "Well, I might see an Indian whose time had come." He regarded himself as an instrument in the hands of Providence. We are all instruments in the hands of Providence, and there is no quarrel against Providence if we are improvident of our resources and of the things that have been put at our disposal.

Now, by some means, by some wise processes of common counsel this part of New Jersey has got to get command again of its water sheds and of its water supply. It has got to be done legally; it has got to be done justly; it has got to be done with fair compensation to everybody concerned, who have through mistake or error or policy acquired any rights, but it has got to be done. We cannot afford to let this great urban area run much longer the dangers that it is now running. Neighboring communities are cooperating to spend millions of money to put in a trunk line sewer, to relieve the condition at any rate of the contamination of the streams, but that is not going to increase the water supply; that is not going to safeguard the communities as they should be safeguarded. Then, in the meantime, there is the Morris Canal, with a lot of water in it, owned by a certain railroad company, that hardly permits it to be used

for transportation as it was intended to be used, and portions of which that railway company diverts and sells to a water company.[18]

Everywhere we turn we see this same improvidence, this same private mastery of public resources. That is the serious part of it. No doubt those rights were legally acquired. I do not pass any judgment upon that, particularly since the matter is still pending in the courts.[19] But that is neither here or there. The courts may say that they were properly and legally acquired, but the point is that they ought never to have been suffered to be acquired; and it is going to need very wise and unselfish and unprejudiced statesmanship and self control on our part to get control of these resources again, so that we shall not suffer the dangers that we are now suffering. Have we not seen the need of this urban development of this part of the state which is going on and on and on? We are to need greater and greater amounts of this indispensible necessary of life, necessary to drink, necessary to cleanliness, necessary for us in so many of the fundamental functions of life. We are all agreed about that.

Then there is another matter we are all agreed on. We are agreed that we do not think that we have sufficiently safeguarded against corrupt practices in politics.[20] We think that too much money is subscribed, that it is subscribed by the wrong persons, and that it is spent for the wrong things; and we want to get at that.

But I have illustrated sufficiently. My point is this: that if we are agreed, what do we wait for? If opinion is ready, who is not ready? Why, evidently, if we are to judge by the history of the past six or eight years, the political organizations are not ready. There has been no serious debate about these things, or there need not have been, these dozen years. But if

[18]The Morris Canal, chartered in 1824, connected the Delaware River at Phillipsburg with the Hudson River at Jersey City, and traversed the counties of Warren, Sussex, Morris, Passaic, Essex, and Hudson. In 1871 the canal was leased by the original company to the Lehigh Valley Railroad. It was subsequently charged that the Lehigh Valley deliberately sacrificed the canal to the interests of its railroad traffic, while the railroad, claiming that the canal was run at a deficit, wanted to abandon it upon favorable terms. The canal question became a lively political issue in the first decade of the twentieth century. See, e.g., *Report of the Commissioners . . . upon the Abandonment of Navigation of the Morris Canal* (n.p., 1904). Further investigations were made during Wilson's governorship, and no final settlement was reached until the 1920's. See *Report of the Morris Canal Investigation Committee Appointed under Joint Resolution of April 12, 1912* (New York, n.d.); Morris Canal and Banking Company, *Final Report of Consulting and Directing Engineer, June 29, 1929* (Trenton, 1929).

[19]In January, 1909, in compliance with a request of the State Water-Supply Commission, Attorney General Edmund Wilson filed an information against the East Jersey Water Company, attacking its right to divert water from the Passaic River. The case was still in the equity courts at the time Wilson spoke. *Report of the State Water-Supply Commission for the Year 1910* (Trenton, 1911), p. 13; *Wilson* v. *East Jersey Water Co.*, 78 *N.J.Eq.* 329.

[20]New Jersey's corrupt practices legislation was weak, especially in its lack of any provision for publicity of campaign receipts and expenditures. Noble, *op. cit.*, p. 135.

the debate is over, where is the jury? Why are they out so long? Why are they hung? What are they doing? Are they conferring privately with anybody? Have they lacked for food and starved? Where are they? Did I not say to you at the beginning of this address that it was a suit in political dynamics? Well, here is the power; now why don't you move something? Why is the shock just striking air and not driving the car of public opinion? Something is the matter. Somebody is unwilling to move. Somebody is unwilling to yield to public opinion. Something is holding somebody back. And we are tired of it; we are sick and tired of it. It may be habit, it may be ignorance, it may be anything that is not criminal, but no matter what it is, we are tired of it, and we have had enough of it. What do we want then? We want these laws and we cannot get them. But, more than that, we want a new spirit in politics; we want a new aim and conception of what the whole thing is.

I have tried always, gentlemen, in this campaign to hold things to the high level of the discussion of public questions, but some gentlemen on the other side have been unwilling; they have insisted upon keeping things down to the low and ignoble level of personalities. Why? Is it possible that they do not know how to discuss public questions? Is it possible that they think that has nothing to do with it, and are merely trying to keep possession? Is possession their notion of politics, or is action their notion of politics? That I conceive to be the center and heart issue of this campaign. What is it about? Is it about getting possession of the government of the state, or is it about doing something with the government of the state when you have got possession? Now, I must tell you frankly that I am not interested in getting possession of the government of the state. For one thing, it is an extremely, and almost unnecessarily complicated government. I foresee that it will take about a twelvemonth to know its intricacies and cellars and attics and closets, and that there will be skeletons in some of the closets, and there is a possibility of exploring the premises. That is not interesting. It is a great factory, in which the human spirit must produce something. That is the reason I am interested in it. And if the human spirit cannot be made to do something in it, it ought to move out and get another habitation. For we don't live in this free land to go through the motions of politics, but to get the views of statesmanship, the substantial views of politics; and therefore I suppose—I say it with reluctance and with, at any rate, feigned regret—we need new men, because we get bad laws by some kind of bad luck; we get good laws indifferently administered by some kind of misfortune, and inasmuch as the laws have all their vitality in the men who administer them, I am driven to the conclusion that we need new men.

There is a very handsome clause in the constitution of Massachusetts which has been repeated in the constitutions of many other commonwealths, which sounds very finely and sonorously on the tongue. It is that this is a government of laws and not of men. But after you have rolled that fine phrase under your tongue, you know that it don't taste right,

that as a matter of fact every government is a government of men and not of laws. Laws don't run themselves, laws don't administer themselves. Institutions live in the character and consciences and achievements of the men who conduct them. Your institutions are alive; their character is high when the men who administer them shine with sincerity and with resoluteness of purpose. Government is personal, gentlemen; the responsibilities of government are personal. You cannot put it on the government of New Jersey that it has not yielded the things you want; you have to put it on the men who have conducted the government of New Jersey. You may put it upon them politely or approbriously, but you have to put it upon them, for they constitute the government of New Jersey.

The ship resides in the spirit of the captain on the bridge, and without him it goes adrift, it falls off with the currents, the charts are as if they were of no use without that guiding mind to know just where the ship is, where it is going and how she stands with all the forces of nature. What we want then is to recover an old conception, perhaps long enough gone out to be quite a new conception, of politics. What conception? Why, the conception of the republican party. The rank and file has always had that conception[21] since the formation of the party. The conception that the democratic party has always had since the days when its founders uttered those general principles which still quicken our pulses by the representation and service of the people; the conceptions once uttered in the phrase which has lived because sprung from living thought, that public office is a public trust; that the object of parties is to accomplish the welfare of the people; that the central word of all political action is the word service.

How can we speak with freedom in a political campaign in a hall dedicated to learning, to that impartial, impersonal, unprejudiced thing that we call and revere as learning? Because learning is an expression of truth that is in the human mind for that reverence of the thing that is so, of contempt for and rejection of, the thing that is false. Men differ in respect of their policies. There must be parties, but parties must be based upon the conception of service, and although they may have opposite conceptions they must be held with the force and sincerity of conviction.

What are political parties for, gentlemen? They are to unite together men of like convictions, men of like sincere impulses, in order that abandoning their minor differences of opinion, agree[ing] to put together their conclusions and pool their interests, they shall move forward in one common direction, believing that they see upon the horizon the guiding light that makes the direction, the direction of hope, the direction of confident expectation. Parties are to link human spirits together in a great altruistic unselfish enterprise, of lifting and purifying men and their affairs, the rectification of wrong, the establishment of justice, the promoting of all progress and all enlightenment. That is what parties are for.

[21]Here I follow the suggestion of Dr. John Wells Davidson. The typescript reads "government" instead of "conception."

The use of parties therefore must be through the men who conceive such things, conceive them in such ways that they cannot escape the compulsion of their own spirits.

How did America come to have gatherings like this? How did America come to have this conception of the united will? By first having the conception of the individual will. By first having the conception of the integrity and the indomitable courage and independence of the independent spirit. How it mortifies any man to feel that he is put upon, that he has been deceived, that he has been drawn into the company which professed to be of his principles and acted in a way contrary to his principles! How he condemns his company when he has been so deceived and draws away! I have received letters during this campaign from men who have said, with bitter cynicism, that they did not believe there was any public man who could be trusted, and when I had asked for the ground for that bitter belief, they have said that they had not found a public man in their day who kept his promises and lived up to his convictions. I do not agree with that judgment. I think it is founded upon a distempered thought; but if such thing—even if it were true—the truth strikes like a dagger at the heart of America. For America was founded in order that men might keep troth with themselves; might keep their own self respect, might feel that they were not in slavery to any man, opinion, to any party, any dispensation; that they were free to deny anything that their minds could not accept, and to live according to the light of their own consciences and their own judgment. That is the ground work of all American life. Whenever there is a great political campaign, therefore, we are met to concerted action together upon this ground of freedom, this opportunity for service, and we are met together in order to study the use of parties. On the eighth of November, week from today, we shall again go to the polls to decide that high question. God grant we may decide it in the spirit of free men and true citizens.

II

On the following evening, November 2, Wilson journeyed to Essex County, where he received "flattering receptions" in two Republican strongholds, Montclair and Orange. At the first of these meetings some 2000 persons assembled at the Hillside School to hear Wilson urge that the force of political agitation be used to compel the enactment of progressive legislation:[22]

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I would indeed be insensible if I did not appreciate a cordial greeting such as you have given me. It encourages me immensely at the opening of a speech at which I am a little daunted, because I know the character of Montclair audiences and I would fain commend Democratic doctrines

[22]Bacon, *op. cit.*, pp. 201 *ff.*; Newark *News*, Nov. 3, 1910.

to their approval. I feel, as I look over an audience like this that something has happened in New Jersey.

We have tried to introduce a new kind of political campaign, and it seems to take; for we are not interested in commending a party to you; we are not interested in commending persons for office; but we are deeply interested in commending certain political purposes to you; we are deeply interested in discussing the means of advancing the welfare of the commonwealth to which we should be devoted. We have heard a great deal in recent months of Progressive Republicans and of Progressive Democrats and of Progressive men of this, that and the other creed or persuasion. I suppose that the implication is that there are also retrogressive Republicans and retrogressive Democrats and men of every sort or other who wish to stand still or to pull things back to a period which we hope we have left behind us. But whatever our understanding of the meaning of this designation may be, this thing is clear—that only those who profess progressive principles are now likely to attract the attention or to hold to themselves the purposes of this free country. There is no means of health except progress. Nothing can be kept—nothing that lives—can be kept at a single point without disease and decay. When you speak, therefore, of a Progressive Republican, I understand you to mean a man who wishes to carry forward to the uses of a new age the ancient principles of an old party. When you speak of a Progressive Democrat, I understand that you mean not a man who will always be standing upon a literal interpretation of quotations out of Thomas Jefferson, but who will try to carry forward in the service of a new age, in the spirit of Thomas Jefferson, in the spirit of this man who tried to comprehend the things of the people and to serve them by political combinations and concerted action.

What we want therefore, and what I dare say a company of men like this is united in wanting is a progressive government. But it is one thing to use these general terms and to be sure that you want to make progress, and it is another thing to know what progress is and wherein it consists. The fact that a man is moving all the time does not prove that he is progressive; it depends where he started and in what direction he is going. Once, when I was inveigled into seeing one of those terrible contests that were formerly sometimes held in Madison Square Garden, of races that lasted for days when the poor worn out creatures were turning lap after lap, I said to myself, "Here is a picture to dwell on—these men making mile after mile and never making an inch of progress." It does not follow that because you are moving forward; and that because you are accidentally moving forward you know where you are going. I have seen men stumble on the right track, and I have seen men keep to the right track by sort of an indulgent providence, but neither sort of man is the leader of progress. Progress consists of things that spirited men sometimes lose interest in; of movement from day to day, foot by foot, through a long series of practical details. We never invented and never shall invent the

airship in politics; we have to keep our feet on the ground, to accommodate ourselves to slow movements and a united life in order to make progress.

It is not uncommon to satisfy ourselves with a progressive program, and one of the things that interests me about the democratic platform in the present campaign is that it contains the progressive items of a progressive program. It contains all the things we know we want; it contains the things we ought to have in regard to creating an adequate commission with adequate powers for the proper control of our utility corporations; it contains a very explicit declaration in reference to an efficient corrupt practices act; it also contains an explicit declaration in respect to a direct primaries act, and it declares in favor of water conservation and all kinds of conservation so necessary to the sustenance and enjoyment of our modern life. It declares for each one of the items with which we have become so familiar in discussion in this campaign.

The republican program, I am sorry to say, is not so complete. The republican candidate has adopted the whole of this program, but the republican organization has not, being more modest and holding back. And the difficulty about being reassured by the circumstances that their candidate has adopted a broader platform is that I have never heard it suggested that there is any danger of their candidate leading their organization or the party. I have never heard it suggested that there is any danger of his forcing their hand or forcing their action or making his program their program. And not because he lacks force of character, not because he lacks admirable qualities, but because he has always been habituated to follow after them, and not to lead ahead of them. It is no indictment of him; it is simply an inference from the well known circumstances of his career.

We therefore can have no quarrel, in a company like this, with the program of the Democratic party and the program of the Democratic candidate, for his program and the program of the Democratic Party are one and the same. But, as we have learned by sad experience, programs are not sufficient. Anybody can write out a program, though I must say it would be very indiscreet to write out as explicit a program as the Democratic platform and not stand by it. But anybody can write out a program, and we can carry out and exhaust the program; and then will we be satisfied? Is that all we are after? That is not all I am after. That is not all that a company of thoughtful people like this is after; that will not satisfy them. Have we laid out a little program that in two or three years of mere keeping faith we can fulfill and establish it? Then shall we merely by resolution demand this, that or the other thing for any particular part of the community? That is not what we are after. We are after realizing our purposes in action. But there is something greater than action, and that is the spirit and process of light behind it. I conceive this to be a year —and, it is a most exhilarating year in consequence—of renaissance of American impulse for right government in politics. That impulse will not

spend and exhaust itself upon a single program and a single platform; it will go on with accumulating force until men shall stand most to see that American citizens have recovered control of their own government, or begun to.

The processes by which you recover control of a government are not merely voting into office a set of men who promise to do particular things and making them do them by fear of being anathematized if they don't. There is nothing in that; there is nothing hopeful in a program like that. You can whip any party under fear of eventual defeat into doing the will of the people, if they know what the will of the people is, and if you keep whipping them into action; but to whip them and force them isn't anything to satisfy the ambition of a man who would lead a great people or a great people who would be led. What we want is to recover the fundamental processes of America in an age when it will be a greater achievement to recover them than it ever could have been in any preceding age. A simple community can do the task of America with comparative ease; but a complicated community—a community divided into many classes by its economic organization can recover and operate its processes only with infinite difficulty.

There is one sentence in DeTocqueville, in his Democracy of [*sic*] America,[23] which constantly rises to my thought as I address audiences in this campaign. He said: that he marvelled at the variety of information and the excellence of discretion which were required of the ordinary body of American citizens to conduct so great a government. If that were true in the early days of Andrew Jackson when DeTocqueville wrote, how much more is it true in this complicated age of ours? There is not any one interest, gentlemen, in our age which includes all classes of our people —I mean any one economic interest. There is not any one interest upon which you can base a policy and have the country comprehend it. When you come to a mere mechanical, bargaining, combination of interests, what have you got? Merely the harnessing and linking together of several kinds of selfishness in order to make something that is not selfish, and the compound does not produce what you want it to produce.

I know that there is a certain amount of truth in that process, which I was trying to illustrate the other night by way of criticism of a remark of Thomas Carlyle, who in a cynical mood said that the real problem of popular government is how to add a multitude of knaves to make an honest people. Now, without undue immodesty, I believe that even on his hypothesis, that even out of a multitude of knaves, I can show how we can make an honest people, provided the knaves are numerous enough and are engaged in a sufficiently large miscellany of occupation. I can illustrate it in this way: suppose a crowd of people such as you and I have seen are sitting around the field watching for a game of football to begin; they are so far away from the arena in which the game is to be played that

[23]Alexis DeTocqueville, *Democracy in America* (2 vols., originally published in Paris, 1835, 1840).

nothing said there can be heard by anybody sitting on the side. Suppose that two men, not expected to do rough things, but dressed as citizens, should come out into the open arena and there suddenly fall to blows. How outraged we would be. We should say: "Put them off! This is intolerable, that two men should come out and fight in public. They ought to be ashamed of themselves." But, if you had been one of those men, and the other had said to you what he did say, you would certainly have hit him. Don't pretend, therefore, that you are superior to those persons who have made an exhibition of themselves, but reflect that the reason that you are so judicial, the reason that you remember your manners so excellently, is that it was none of your quarrel. Now, if you get a people numerous enough to have it true with regard to the conquest [contest?] of any two interests, that it is with regard to most of them none of their quarrel, you have got an impartial jury and you have made out of a multitude of knaves an honest people.

I do not admit the premises. I do not admit that any body of people are a multitude of knaves. I suspect, from certain transactions that I have been engaged in, that some men have knaves concealed about them, but that is not a very large section of their personality, and it can be subdued; it can be subdued particularly by the watchfulness and maneuvres of their fellow men; but for the most part, I believe that disinterested motives are very common, provided you give them a field in which to work. Now, the enormous task of our day is for the majority of us long enough to forget our special interests, to be disinterested, to take action with regard to the welfare of the whole. That is the splendid program of the progressive, to put things forward by justice, by fairness, by a concern for all interests, by a combination of all interests, by a union of all interests, until men shall think in the terms of the common wealth and not in the terms of special interests or partisan advantage.

How are you going to do it? That is what interests me. I believe that the present specific program can be carried out. It cannot be carried out, I am afraid — let me say parenthetically — if you send me to Trenton all by myself. Unless you elect a democratic ticket, I submit I shall have a very lonely eminence, and shall be obliged to indulge in a lot of futile talk, because things have to be done by the body; they cannot be done by the individual; and the individual does not want to make himself a common scold. He wants cooperation, and I believe from conferences with my fellow democrats on the democratic ticket, that they are ready to give me their cooperation. I believe that this program can be carried out.

But what beyond that? That is what interests me. What beyond that? Why, that all depends upon you, not upon me. There is abundant evidence in a company like this that you have for the time being got into the game, but are you going to stay here? Are you just an audience, or are you part of the play? Have you just been drawn in by the management to be supers on the stage, or does the plot rest in your minds and hearts? Are you making the pace? If you are not, there is nothing in it. It is not even in-

teresting. How are you going to stay in it? Why, by very ancient and very interesting methods. Have you ever reflected how much we have got by that old fashioned thing that we call political agitation? I do not mean political excitement; I do not mean getting agitated; but I mean the systematic stirring up of opinion. That is what I mean by agitation. As a matter of fact, we leave most of that to the newspapers. Now some of the newspapers stir things up in the general interests, and some do not —I am not going to discriminate by names, because I would get into trouble—but you know newspapers, and they are of all kinds. Some of them are a private piece of property, used as such, and some are public instruments used as such. Have you not indulged yourselves long enough by leaving political agitation to the editors of newspapers? They know how to do it admirably well. Sometimes they do stir up political talk in a way that is wholesome to see, but the real impulses of this kind must come from the body of thinking men, and they must think even outside of the columns of newspapers; they must give the newspapers something to write about; they must have a method among themselves that will make it impossible for any newspaper to be dull upon any political subject.

Now, the first progressive thing in political agitation is publicity. Exercise an inveterate curiosity about what is going on. Insist upon knowing what is going on, and make a row if you don't know what is going on. Insist upon it that there is nothing conceivable about government that is private. Think what a revelation that thing in itself would be! I don't know what your experience has been, but if you have ever tried to deal with political organizations—whether you have been told so in so many words or not—you have had it intimated in some way to you that you had better mind your own business; that you elected these gentlemen to govern, and they are going to govern, and that they are running this thing, and if you have anyhing to say you must wait until the next election; and then you must say it only in the terms of the names of the persons you wish to occupy office. Now, there is no distinct virtue in a list of names. You do not get anything that way, and platforms? why, platforms have come to be merely convenient rhetorical accompaniments of the election of persons to office. At any rate, they have in this state. I have not read a platform in this state that meant anything in a long time, to judge by what followed after the election.

Now, you want to insist upon it, in the first place, that everything be known that is going on. If there is a bill which you know is pending in the legislature and it has disappeared, find out which committee it has been referred to, and make the members of that committee and particularly the chairman of that committee tell you why that bill does not come up for consideration again. You have a right to know. Ask them why, when the bill has been introduced in the very beginning of the session, it does not come out until so near the time of adjournment that something happens to it to smother it before the adjournment comes. You have the absolute right to know these things. You have not been

inquisitive enough. You have not asked. The minute you ask, the bill will come out of committee, because the reasons for delay are generally not public reasons but private reasons, and you have got to smoke out everything that is private in your politics. You can do that by systematic discussion. You can do that by holding meetings in the interest of particular measures or a particular series of measures or a particular interest — like the great conservation of the watershed of this northern part of New Jersey, for example. There is a great big subject that you have allowed all sorts of private things to be done about in legislation at Trenton and have never so much as asked impertinent questions about it. Why don't you hold meetings and insist that your particular representative in Trenton attend the meetings in public and tell you what is being done in regard to these matters? Nothing dissipates the things that are wrong like the mere heat of the sun. If you merely let the light in, then you have at least let the light in. As the Irishman who was digging a hole through a cellar wall, asked, "Pat what are you doing — letting the light into the cellar?" replied, "No: I am letting the darkness out." Now dig along side of these cellars that we know as legislative committees and let the darkness out and you will be astonished at the pace legislation will take on.

A body of men like this sitting before me, holding meetings of that kind, would act like dynamite on legislation, for you have to be systematic about it; you have to bring to bear systematic pressure. Flashes in the pan won't do. You have to keep at it, form an association and put inquisitive men in as officers; keep them inquiring and keep publishing what they find out; hold meeting after meeting; and then do the final thing which gives every private plan such chills down its spine that it can't survive — that is, vote the way you think. The salvation of every community is independent voting. Why, if I could get a body of men together and call them a political party and then let them do as they pleased and count on them by label, I wouldn't have to do anything else for the rest of my life to deserve my fate. But if there is a larger number to decide the election and they are men upon whom I cannot count, then I have given valuable service; and by no other process whatever.[24]

A progressive government! Yes, indeed, a progressive government, but progressive because no man can possibly cast a horoscope, because things must be adjusted till [to?] the public interests, in order that men may have the confidence of their fellow-citizens. That is the process of liberty — independent thinking and voting, the constant pressure of public opinion. If you can't keep awake somebody ought to be employed to make noise enough to wake you up.

There is a certain characteristic that obtains in this part of New Jersey. A good many of you do business in New York. The fortunate part of this campaign is that the New York papers have been discussing the Jersey campaign, and therefore you have known that something was going on in New Jersey. Try to do a little more thinking in New Jersey. I am

[24]These last two sentences are obviously faulty, but I have been unable to find any better reading.

very much interested, as I know you are, as to how the election is going to go in New York; I am also interested to know how the election is going in California; but it is none of my business how the election is in New York and it is all of our business how the election is going in New Jersey. We have to make our choice how it is going in New Jersey.

But the method is not enough; you have to carry the method to this point, that you have to elect men to office who represent the method, men who are in love with that method, men who are in love with publicity, men who are in love with discussion, with the settlement of things on genuine basis; men who don't want to occupy office simply for the sake of occupying office; men who don't care a peppercorn for office that does not carry with it the confidence and support of their fellow-citizens. So far as that is concerned it would be more comfortable to occupy some other office if the difficulty is merely pecuniary, because you can find offices with better salaries. Your wife and your children do not approve of political office; it has all sorts of uncertainty about it and is a routine job. But it is immensely exhilerating and worth while if it is designed to lead the community to shape its affairs in the common interest. That is the highest privilege that comes to any American, no matter how humble a political place he may occupy, to be the real representative of thoughtful and spirited men in advancing the public interests.

I do not see how anybody can read American history without feeling his pulse quicken at a conception like that. The most extraordinary passage in history, to my mind, is the American Revolution; not because it obtained the freedom of America, for other races have obtained freedom, but because, without newspapers, by the private correspondence of public spirited men opinion was formed and lifted and energized throughout the whole coast, so that men who had never seen one another felt each other's pulses beat in generous phrases, though miles apart, mile upon mile by mere messengers; and these men toiling day and night at the formation of opinion were making, forming the spirit of the nation. And when America was born, she was born fully equipped as a self-conscious and self-confident people; no longer thirteen separated colonies, but one nation, knit together by the force of great men, and banded together for a great and generous purpose. That was the American Revolution.

Go into the Department of State at Washington and see those sixty odd scrap books containing so much as has been collected there of the correspondence of General Washington, and see how everything is there, from a torn scrap of writing paper upon which he issued an order to a Sergeant to bring a barrel of flour and a cow across the Charles River in a boat, and tells him where he may find the boat tied, up to those letters in which he discusses the formation of the constitution of a free people, and then you will know that in those volumes you are touching the vital stuff of the American Revolution, and that Washington lives there in those dynamic letters that moved communities to action. And Washington

was not the only one; the letters of every great man in that day were engines of power to move and to form people.

Now nothing less than that is what we are trying to recover out of the welter and confusion of our modern politics. I am no mere optimist; I do not dream that this thing is to be done by a turn of the hand, that it is to be done by the ballots that are cast in a single election, that that is going to turn New Jersey into a united, partiotic body of citizens. The journey will be infinitely long and tedious, full of disappointments and all sorts of mistakes and errors of judgment; but the longer and harder it is, the more gracious the privilege of struggling in it, that we shall be men trying a man's experiment, and when the achievement shall come, it will be a very happy thing as we withdraw from the scene to hope that future generations will look back to us and thank God that we at last and at least began it.

[*The third and fourth speeches will appear in the July issue.*]

Thomas Truxtun in New Jersey: Some Unanswered Questions

EUGENE S. FERGUSON

In connection with the Society's exhibit, "Naval Worthies of New Jersey," we are fortunate to have a timely article concerning one of those "worthies." Mr. Ferguson, curator of the Division of Mechanical and Civil Engineering, Smithsonian Institution, is the author of a 1956 biography, Truxtun of the Constellation.

In November, 1956, my biography of Captain Thomas Truxtun, *Truxtun of the Constellation,* was published. The book had occupied more hours of my time during the preceding decade than I now care to remember. Late in a day of November, 1958, as I looked down from an airplane window upon the galaxy formed by the lights of New York and northern New Jersey, I thought of a passage in the book.

Captain Truxtun had owned an estate, which he called "Pleasant View," in Perth Amboy from 1795 to 1807. "From his front porch," I had written, "he could look beyond the lower tip of Staten Island out across Raritan Bay; on a clear day he could see the Lighthouse fifteen miles distant on Sandy Hook, and an occasional sail coming into New York's lower bay."

Was this really so? With the help of land records of Middlesex County, I had located his estate on an 1831 map of Perth Amboy. By transferring this location to a modern but small scale map, I had reached the conclusion that Sandy Hook Light must have been visible from "Pleasant View." But at that stage of the writing of the book I could not visit Perth Amboy to verify my conclusion. I had used what evidence was available, but I was never quite satisfied that the evidence was entirely conclusive.

As the plane moved westward and southward, I was occupied with the question. I could make out the lights of Perth Amboy and the southern end of Staten Island. The bay beyond was less distinct, and the lights to the east—was one of them Sandy Hook Light? From my vantage point, miles to the west of Perth Amboy, I tried for some time to establish the line of sight. And

then another thought: had not the lighthouse been moved since 1807? I still wonder. A few hours at Perth Amboy might be sufficient to settle the whole matter; but my visit to the town occurred before I knew everything that I wanted to look for.

A trivial point, perhaps, and one with little bearing on the life of Captain Truxtun; but this is one of many questions I could settle only imperfectly if the book was ever to be finished. I followed many byways and detours, and in so doing I was instructed and sometimes enlightened, but some byways could not be investigated thoroughly because of limitations imposed by my location or shortage of time. A point of diminishing return is reached in any piece of research, and the judgment as to when a line of inquiry must be laid aside is a nice one. In the pages that follow, a number of unanswered or partly answered questions about Captain Truxtun in New Jersey are presented. First, however, some things that I do know about the man will provide background for that which follows.

Thomas Truxtun was born in 1755 near Hempstead, on Long Island. He was apprenticed to the sea at the age of twelve; he served in merchant vessels for twenty-seven years; he was a captain in the United States Navy for nearly eight years; and after a twenty-year period of retirement, he died in Philadelphia in 1822 at the age of sixty-seven.

It is for his service in the Navy, and particularly for his exploits during the naval war between the United States and France, that Captain Truxtun is remembered. That little-known sort-of-a-war, fought wholly on the sea and largely by Captain Truxtun, occurred during the administration of President John Adams. The new frigate *Constellation,* commanded by Captain Truxtun, met and captured in the West Indies the French frigate *Insurgente* in 1799, and a year later vanquished but did not take the French frigate *Vengeance.*

Fully as important as his naval victories were Captain Truxtun's contributions to the organization and traditions of the United States Navy. As one of the very few practical navigators of his day who understood what they were doing, as a close student of the design and working of sailing vessels, and as a

student of naval organization, procedures, tactics, and customs, Captain Truxtun brought to the Navy a background possessed by none of the other captains. He had served a few months as a boy in the Royal Navy; he had read all he could find on organization and tactics of the Royal Navy; and during his years afloat he had had many opportunities to observe its ships and its men. He, more than anybody else, was responsible for transmitting the Royal Navy's way of doing things to the tiny but promising United States Navy. His concepts of command at sea, including absolute control of his ship, instant readiness for battle, and firm but fair government of his crew, have stood the test of a century and a half of time. His name stands high on the roll of prominent officers of the United States Navy.

Of Captain Truxtun's twenty-seven years in the merchant service, twenty were spent on the quarter-deck. His career as merchant master followed an apprenticeship of seven years in British packet vessels, which sailed between New York and England before the Revolutionary War. His first command was the *Charming Polly,* a sloop named for his new bride. The year was 1775. On February twenty-seventh, just ten days after his twentieth birthday, he had married a Perth Amboy girl, Mary Vandrau. In April, a few days before the shots were fired at Concord bridge, he departed in the *Charming Polly* for a voyage to the West Indies. He was captured on a subsequent voyage by a ship of the Royal Navy; he then went out from Philadelphia in 1776 as a prize lieutenant in the first of the privateers authorized by the Continental Congress; and from that time until the end of the Revolutionary War, he commanded privateers that successfully took the war to the enemy in its own waters, and merchant vessels that brought valuable cargoes to the United States from France. In later years, it pleased him to recall that General Washington had recognized his value to the American cause. The General, according to Captain Truxtun, "spoke of my conduct in the most honorary manner, and told me at a public dinner . . . that I had been as a regiment to the United States." In 1785 he brought Benjamin Franklin home from his wartime service as Minister Plenipotentiary in France.

For the next eight years, Captain Truxtun was a China trader. He was one of the first Americans to enter the perilous and profitable trade with China and India. It was at the end of this period in his life, when his reputation as a successful and skillful mariner was well established, that he was appointed in 1794 by President Washington to be one of the first six captains of the newly organized United States Navy.

Captain Truxtun was a mariner, but he was also a family man. Mary bore him ten daughters and two sons. Eight of the girls and one boy survived their parents.

Thomas Truxtun's very earliest sea service, in the British packet vessels, brought him into his first contact with New Jersey. It was here that I began to frame the first of many tantalizing questions about New Jersey. Some of the questions have been satisfactorily answered. The answers to some questions may still exist in records that I have not found; but since nobody has yet pointed out obvious sources that I overlooked during the writing of the book, I like to think if answers are to be found, that they must appear in unlikely places.

Who was Mrs. Thomas Truxtun? Where did she come from? Mary Vandrau is the name I assigned her, because that name seemed at the time a reasonable compromise. Let us look at the evidence.

The Truxtuns were married a few months after Thomas was sailing in a packet ship. In making its way into New York Bay the ship would take a pilot near Sandy Hook. In O'Callaghan's *Calendar of Historical Manuscripts in the Office of the Secretary of State* [of New York], William Vandrill of Monmouth County is listed as a pilot (II, 744). Captain Truxtun, years later (Truxtun-Biddle letters, Philadelphia Library Company, May 15, 1811) referred to Mary's mother as "Mrs. Vandrill." But the Family Bible entry (the inscription being in Captain Truxtun's handwriting) says: "Married to Mary Vandrau 27th Feby 1775, Mary his wife born at Perth Amboy, State of New Jersey, the 27th of October 1759."

Until the conflicting evidence is resolved, I like to picture the young Truxtun on board the packet ship, watching as the pilot, William Vandrill, clambers up the side of the ship from his pilot

boat. The pilot boat is handled by Vandrill's son while his young daughter serves as crew. The performance would be repeated for Tom Truxtun at intervals of about four months, as voyage after voyage was completed. In his late teens, Tom perhaps realized that seeing the pilot's daughter had become the high point of each voyage. When Tom left the packet service Mary was nearly fifteen. When they were married she was only four months beyond her fifteenth birthday.

The Truxtuns owned property in Philadelphia and maintained a home there from 1778 until the Commodore died in 1822; but many of the intervening years were spent in New Jersey. Besides "Pleasant View," in Perth Amboy, there was a farm near Cranbury and one near Moorestown. The Cranbury farm, called "Cranberry Place," was the first of the farms to be obtained, and it was purchased after "Pleasant View" had been sold, but the chronology remains a bit fuzzy unless several provocative documents can be ignored.

The land records of Middlesex County show the growth of the Perth Amboy estate in the summer of 1795. About six acres between High Street and Water Street and two "bank lots," east of Water Street and extending to low water mark, were bought from William Throckmorton. Another acre was obtained from John Charlton; and four more acres were purchased from George McAroy, in whose privateer vessel Thomas Truxtun had served as prize lieutenant in 1776. A day was all I could spend with the land records, and a day was insufficient to establish beyond doubt the locations, because the deeds abound with such statements as "The seventh [lot] . . . was granted formerly by the Proprietors of East Jersey to James Earl of Perth and in said grant said to be bounded south by Water Street, southwest by Thomas Gordons lot, northwest by High Street, and northeast by Thomas Barkers lot (which last bounding is a mistake, it being really bounded on the northeast by William Penns lot) . . . " However, it is probable that the several tracts were contiguous, and that the whole constituted the fine waterfront estate that was later described by Katharine Beekman in "A Colonial Capital," as she remembered seeing it in the 1850's. (N. J. Hist. Soc. *Proc.*, 4th ser., III [1918], 1-25). "Pleasant View" was across

High Street from the Royal Governor's mansion, and was reached by a long avenue of Lombardy poplars. About it were many English elms.

The farm near Cranbury, initially 170 acres, was deeded to the Truxtuns by Isaac Snowden in 1808, and by small purchases over the next two years it grew finally to 219 acres. No earlier records of property owned by the Truxtuns in Perth Amboy or in the vicinity of Cranbury have been found, but other evidence seems to prove that Captain Truxtun owned one tract, at least, in Cranbury.

In the late summer of 1793, when the Truxtuns were living in Philadelphia, the city was struck by a yellow fever epidemic that halted business, felled several thousand inhabitants and caused additional thousands to flee for their lives.

The Truxtun household—the Captain and his lady, six children, and Hannah, their Negro slave—escaped from the city, and went to Cranbury, a short drive beyond Trenton. There exists a document in Captain Truxtun's hand, dated "Cranbury New Jersey, September 22d 1793." Addressed "To Hannah—My Slave," it is an agreement to set her free after he had returned from his next Far Eastern voyage, provided "that I shall never be call'd upon, to support you, after you leave my family." This was hardly the sort of document that would be hurriedly drawn, while stopping for a night in an inn before pressing on.

On August 7, 1794, a letter written in Philadelphia to M. Fauchet, Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Republic, commenced with the elegant sentence: "I received your reply to my letter of the 4th current only this morning, being out at my Villa when it was left for me at my dwelling in town." Finally, in the 1795 deeds for the several tracts of Perth Amboy property, the buyer was listed as "Thomas Truxtun of Cranbury . . . Gentleman." The "villa" could only be (I think) in Cranbury. But where? And why is there no deed recorded for it? Was it a rented place? I do not know.

In 1793 also, a few days after the agreement with Hannah was drawn, Captain Truxtun wrote a letter to his friend Charles Biddle of Philadelphia. This letter, dated "Perth Amboy 2d October 1793," told of his leaving Philadelphia "with my affairs

much deranged," and of his expected departure for London, where he would join his ship for a voyage to India. "I leave this place tomorrow," he wrote, "for New York, there to embark . . . for London, . . ." He may have been merely staying in an inn, and his family may have remained in Cranbury. But it will be recalled that Mrs. Truxtun was born in Perth Amboy. If her parents still lived there, perhaps she and the children had come along for a visit. And if the Vandraus (or Vandrills) still lived in Perth Amboy, then the story already suggested of the Truxtuns' romance becomes even less likely.

Mary Truxtun and the children were established in "Pleasant View," Perth Amboy, by 1797, and perhaps earlier. At Christmas time in that year Captain Truxtun, now engaged in fitting out the *Constellation* in Baltimore, managed to find time to visit his family.

"Old Mr. Parker the Mayor is dead," he informed Charles Biddle; "there is a great contest between Angus, Rattoon and Carney for the office and to such a height is it carried, that Angus is at none of the party's given, which are numerous at this Season —except at my house, for I declared on my getting here, I would have nothing to do with their disputes. Angus is an honest fellow, but you know, but badly calculated for the office of Mayor— Rattoon ought to have it."

Captain Truxtun enjoyed "Pleasant View" nevertheless; and he thought that Perth Amboy would make an excellent Navy port, a "proper place of rendezvous for the public ships of war and for packets to be stationed at for orders, . . . " (Truxtun Hare Collection.) In a short-lived campaign to have the city made a port of rendezvous, he enumerated its many advantages to federal officials, including the Speaker of the House. It was convenient to the seat of government, he said, being only sixty-eight miles from Philadelphia, then the capital, and convenient to New York, where crews might be recruited for naval vessels. It was close to Sandy Hook, "which is another incalculable advantage, as vessels are soon in from sea and may at all times be instantaneously dispatched." He enumerated its other advantages. It had a spacious, protected harbor. Drinking water was excellent; provisions for ships were plentiful and cheap. Timber for shipbuilding was

abundant in the neighborhood. The old British barracks buildings might be used as a naval hospital, and "a mineral spring which has been found in many complaints very efficacious is within half a mile of the Court house."

A year later, after the *Constellation* had completed her shakedown cruise and was lying in Hampton Roads, near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, the Secretary of the Navy suggested that Captain Truxtun take his ship around to New York, in order that he might be near his family for the Christmas season. Instead, the prudent Captain journeyed overland to Philadelphia and asked Mary to come visit him there. "I have not been able," he informed the Secretary, "to get my own Consent, to run into a Northern Port at this Season."

After the savage *Constellation-Vengeance* action, in which the shattered French frigate managed to slip away under cover of darkness, Captain Truxtun sent the *Enterprize,* Captain John Shaw, to Perth Amboy to deliver the news of the battle. The dispatches were to be carried overland to the Navy Office in Philadelphia. Perhaps the fact that Thomas Truxtun, junior, was a midshipman in the *Enterprize* had some effect in Captain Truxtun's decision. The vessel would anchor nearly in the Truxtun front yard; and Mary would be doubly pleased to have her son for a visit and the first news of her husband's latest exploit.

Captain Truxtun invited an old friend, John Gay, who was in Martinique, to visit "Pleasant View," even though the Captain could not be present to act as host.

> I have a beautiful Seat at Perth Amboy [he wrote], a few Hours Ride from New York (28 miles) a Place, where Sickness is scarcely known, for altho' the Inhabitants in the City, and Vicinity are numerous, a Physician cannot get Bread by the Calls of Patients. Now suppose, my old Friend you step on Board a Vessel for New York, and go, and spend the Summer with Mrs. Truxtun, who will be glad to see you, and where you will be amused by my little Brats, and we have an admirable Society; Judge Patterson in the Neighborhood, General Walton White, Judge Rattoon, William Taylor Esquire, an eminent Lawyer, retired from Practice, and a number of other worthy Gentlemen, and I must not forget our old Friend, John Angus, who is wealthy, and at his Ease, having Nothing to do, but attend to his Functions as an Alderman. Here too, you will be entertained with a Number of charming Girls, and elegant Ladies.

Katharine Beekman, in her recollections of "Pleasant View," quoted the report of a visitor to the household.

> We have visited the Commodore and Lady, and seen all their Eastern magnificence [*the visitor related*]. Mrs. Truxtun is quite agreeable, and the Commo extremely genteel, and their children beautiful. Their tea was excellent, their china handsome, and the silver urn the most dazzling utensil I ever saw on a tea table . . .

The Eastern magnificence referred to the furnishings he had brought home from China; the silver urn was the one given to him for his victory over *l'Insurgente* by the Merchants and Underwriters at Lloyd's in London.

Captain Truxtun resigned from the Navy in 1802, and returned to "Pleasant View." Mary, who had been ailing for some time, was growing dissatisfied with Perth Amboy, particularly during the winter season, and the Captain at length wished for a more numerous and active society than the little city could offer. Although the move to Philadelphia, which they made eventually, was contemplated for some time, they were still at "Pleasant View" in July, 1804, when Vice President Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel at Weehawken. The duel had been fought according to the gentlemanly rules that governed such affairs, but the victor, already unpopular with politicians and the public, was roundly damned in the public prints. Ten days after the duel, he found the threats so serious that he decided he had better disappear from his home in New York. It was to Perth Amboy that he went first. He set out from New York in a pulling boat on a Saturday night, and arrived off "Pleasant View" early Sunday morning. Captain Truxtun was summoned from his study by a servant, who asked him to come down to his landing. It was there that he found his caller, waiting a little way offshore, apparently uncertain of the reception he might expect. Captain Truxtun immediately took him to the house, entertained him cordially while remarking that he would have done as much for his friend Alexander Hamilton had the outcome of the duel been different, and the next day drove him in his own carriage as far as Cranbury, whence the Vice President continued his flight southward.

In the fall of 1804 "Pleasant View" was rented "at $300 per year to Cortland Parker Esquire who is to marry Miss Governeur early in April—this rent is low . . ." and the Truxtuns moved to Philadelphia in the spring of 1805. The estate was sold finally to George Cunningham, of New York, in 1807.

The major part of "Cranberry Place," the farm near Cranbury, was obtained in 1808. The farmhouse may still be standing, but I did not go to Cranbury to find out. The deed described the property as "beginning at a white oak tree fallen down lettered C. W. on the southeasterly side of Brunswick Road where Princeton road comes into it . . . . " The line ran northwest along Princeton Road to John Taylor's land, along Taylor's boundary "to a Spring Run thence up the Run thirty nine chains to said Brunswick road . . . , " and so forth. A careful and patient piecing together of evidence would undoubtedly locate the farm, but such landmarks as a "black ash saplin" and a "run known by the name of Meladys run," would be of little help after 150 years.

It was adequate for the book, I decided, to know what Captain Truxtun did while he lived at "Cranberry Place"; but I should still like to know exactly where the farm lay and what it looked like.

The last of New Jersey property to be owned by the Truxtuns was another farm, near Moorestown, traded in 1812 for "Cranberry Place." It is doubtful whether Mary wanted another farm, even though this one was within ten miles of Cooper's Ferry, which crossed the Delaware at Philadelphia. Surely she would rather have gone to live in Philadelphia, where the activities and company were more to her liking. But Captain Truxtun pointed out that the new place was near Mount Holly, where one of their married daughters was living; and their two or three youngest girls could attend "Burlington Young ladies academy" as soon as they could be withdrawn from "Miss Hays Academy at Brunswick." It was also "within 600 yards of a Mineral Spring and 4 miles to the Newly Celebrated Mineral Spring of George Gittings Esr. much resorted to by the Citizens of Phila. which spring has a bathing house &c to Accomodate the public &c."

The Moorestown farm was called by its new owner "Wood Lawn." The two-story house, built of Philadelphia brick, had a

"Piazza on the South" and "two handsome parlours on the first floor." It was from this piazza and these parlors that Captain Truxtun watched the War of 1812 develop, convinced almost until its declaration that the war threat was merely an electioneering scheme to re-elect President Madison. Before the end of the first winter in "Wood Lawn," Captain Truxtun asked his old friend Dr. Benjamin Rush to admit Hannah, the faithful but ailing family servant, to a Philadelphia hospital for an indefinite stay. Dr. Rush replied that he had retired from the hospital, but that Captain Truxtun should send along the patient, and he would make a special visit to the hospital to be sure she was properly admitted (Dreer Collection, Historical Society of Pennsylvania).

The Truxtuns lived at "Wood Lawn" until 1816, when Captain Truxtun was elected High Sheriff of Philadelphia. I suppose that the property was sold shortly thereafter; but I am not sure.

Another unanswered question may or may not concern New Jersey. Captain Truxtun was buried, after his death in 1822, in Philadelphia's Christ Church burying ground, in the same yard as his friends Benjamin Franklin, Charles Biddle, and many others. But where was Mary Truxtun buried? I have found only one reference to her death; and that was a line in the *Long Island Star,* Brooklyn, of September 18, 1823. "Died, at New-York, Mrs. Mary Truxtun relict of the late Commodore Truxtun aged 64." Is her grave in Perth Amboy? I did not find it in Philadelphia.

My narrative of Captain Truxtun's life, fitted together as it was from numberless bits and pieces, exhibits reasonable continuity. However, the completeness of the story depended upon the development of many fragments of information, each one perhaps unimportant individually; but each one threw some light on another, and I was inclined as far as it was practicable to follow each line until the return for time and effort became vanishingly small.

I never knew quite as much as I wanted to know when I wrote about Captain Truxtun; but I am reasonably confident by now that new information, as it is uncovered, will not make an essential change in my conclusions. I was amused, but I knew not whether to be flattered, by the comment of one reviewer. He sup-

posed that additional details might some day be turned up in the West Indies, but "as far as American sources go," he wrote, "Mr. Ferguson would seem to have more than exhausted them."

Indeed.

A NOTE ON SOURCES

For the scholar who may find in this article a comment or quotation that he wishes to document, I have noted sources in the text *except* those which can be located by reference to my (1) *Truxtun of the Constellation* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins, 1956) or my (2) "Commodore Thomas Truxtun, 1755-1822, A Description of the Truxtun-Biddle Letters in the . . . Library Company," *Research Bull.* of Phila. Free Library, 1947. The latter, a pamphlet, contains a reasonably exhaustive index to the collection.

A LOAN EXHIBITION

NAVAL WORTHIES OF NEW JERSEY

at the

NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
230 Broadway / Newark 4, New Jersey

April 3 to May 2, 1959
Tuesdays through Saturdays
10:00 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.

ILLUSTRATED ON PREVIOUS PAGE: *Constellation Capturing L'Insurgente, 1799.*
See number 7 of catalogue.

Naval Worthies of New Jersey

Too often a national hero loses his local identity. His heroic role is played against a background ever after familiar, but his whereabouts off-stage—where born or where he lived—are lost once he steps into the wings and leaves the national scene. Conscious of this fact, a member of the Society, Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen, has suggested that we reintroduce personalities prominent in the world of affairs, pointing out that many of them are New Jerseymen and should be known as such.

"Naval Worthies of New Jersey" is the first occasional exhibition on this theme. It is sponsored together with the Commodore Stephen Decatur Chapter, Essex County, New Jersey, United States Society of the Daughters of 1812 and the Society of the War of 1812 in New Jersey. It is possible only through the generous loan made by Irving S. Olds, Esquire, of New York. From his great collection of American naval prints and paintings covering the period 1775 to 1815 this selection was made with but two exceptions. The New-York Historical Society lent the portraits of William Bainbridge and James Lawrence. Especially to Mr. Olds and to our sister society we are most grateful.

Of course this exhibit is not all-inclusive. Many were the New Jerseymen serving faithfully in the Navy of the young Republic whose portraits and exploits were not limned or engraved. The exhibition will serve to recall all of them and perhaps prompt a search for other graphic naval material on New Jerseymen of a later period.

Against the background of the Quasi War with France at the turn of the Eighteenth Century, Thomas Truxtun played his now barely known but brilliant role as the captain of the frigate *Constellation,* capturing the enemy frigate *L'Insurgente* and crippling *La Vengeance.* He had supervised the building of the *Constellation* in Baltimore and before that had long experience in the merchant service and in the Royal Navy. His sound contributions to the American navy are a tradition of discipline, sound administration, and fighting know-how that placed him head and shoulders

above some of his better known contemporaries. Although he was born on Long Island, he lived for years at Perth Amboy, then at Cranbury and at Moorestown. He was competent but difficult and retired in a huff long before his usefulness had really ended. His one full biography has only recently been published, *Truxtun of the Constellation* by Eugene S. Ferguson, who has written an article on Truxtun in *The Proceedings* for April 1959.

Like Truxtun and so many others, William Bainbridge had his earliest salt water experience in the merchant service. He was born at Princeton and went to sea at fourteen years of age. During the Barbary Wars he commanded the frigate *Philadelphia,* which stranded on an uncharted rock off the harbor of Tripoli. Bainbridge and his imprisoned shipmates saw their ship later destroyed by a fellow American, Stephen Decatur. Bainbridge served in the War of 1812, capturing the *Java,* and later was one of the Navy Commissioners, forerunners of the Chief of Naval Operations.

Stephen Decatur never lived in New Jersey but had close ties here. He often visited his brother John in Newark who was a partner in a Belleville powder mill destroyed in a disastrous explosion in 1814. With John and other sportsmen Stephen fox hunted in the Orange Mountains, meeting at The Hounds and Horn Tavern of Archer Gifford at Broad and Market Streets in Newark. Earlier his schoolmates in Philadelphia were Richard Somers and Charles Stewart. He burned the *Philadelphia* in Tripoli harbor, after its capture by the Bey. As commander of the *United States* in the War of 1812 he defeated the *Macedonian* in a magnificent fight. In his fatal duel with Commodore James Barron in 1820, his old friend Bainbridge served as his second on the field of honor near Washington.

Richard Somers of Somers Point had but one command before losing his life at twenty-five in an attempt to blow up his fire ship *Intrepid* in Tripoli harbor, destroying the Tripolitan fleet. The plan somehow miscarried. Somers and his volunteer officers and crew were all killed.

Another of the same group was Charles Stewart, who was with Decatur and Somers at Tripoli. He commanded the *Constitution* when, in 1815, she captured the *Cyane* and the *Levant.* A Phila-

delphian by birth, Stewart retired in 1855 to his place at Bordentown which he called "Old Ironsides." He became a rear admiral in 1862, when the rank was created. His daughter was the mother of Charles Stewart Parnell.

James Lawrence of Burlington is the New Jersey naval officer everyone knows. He too was at Tripoli in the stirring year of 1804 and assisted in the burning of the *Philadelphia*. In the War of 1812 he captured the *Peacock* in only fifteen minutes. But he is a naval worthy best remembered for his only, his fatal defeat when the *Chesapeake* was lost to the *Shannon* in 1813 and he, mortally wounded, cried repeatedly, "Don't give up the Ship. Blow her up."

ROBERT M. LUNNY.

CATALOGUE

In general, the portraits and battles of each officer are grouped together. Dimensions are given in inches and sixteenths, measured vertically and then horizontally.

1. *Commodore Truxton* [sic], *of the United States Navy.* Oval stipple engraving 8.12 x 7.1. New York, 1799, painted by A. Robertson, engraved by Cornelius Tiebout, published by Robertson and Tiebout.
2. *Thomas Truxtun.* Line engraving 2.3 in diameter. Philadelphia, drawn and engraved by Charles Saint Memin.
3. *Constellation & L'Insurgent—The Chace, 1799.* Aquatint 13.14 x 20.2. Philadelphia 1799, published by Edward Savage.
4. *Action between the Constellation and L'Insurgent, 1799.* Aquatint 13.9 x 20.1. Companion to No. 3 above.
5. *Truxton's* [sic] *Victory, 1799.* Line engraving 8.2 x 10.12. Philadelphia, published by E. Pember and S. Luzerder.
6. *G. Washington in his last Illness.* Line engraving, published on unissued copies of No. 5 above after Washington's death on December 14, 1799.
7. *Constellation Capturing L'Insurgente, 1799.* Stipple and line engraving 8.14 x 13.8. London, 1800, published by John Fairburn. Illustrated on cover.
8. *Truxtun Medal* with portrait and scene of *La Vengeance* and *Constellation* action, 1800. Engravings 2.8 in diameter. Engraved by David Edwin and Alexander Lawson respectively.
9. *Preparation for War. Building the Philadelphia, 1799.* Line engraving 9.2 x 11.7. Philadelphia, 1800, drawn, engraved and published by William Birch & Son.
10. *Loss of the U. S. Frigate Philadelphia, 1801.* Line engraving 11.6 x 19, engraved by Charles Denoon, a sailor on board the *Philadelphia* at the time of her loss.
11. *Nautical Exploit. Burning the Philadelphia, 1804.* Aquatint 17.4 x 21.8. Drawn by L. Binsse, engraved by Aubertin.
12. *U. S. Frigate Philadelphia, flying commission pennant.* Water color 11.3 x 15.5. Initialed AP, artist unidentified.

13. *Blowing Up of the Fire Ship Intrepid commanded by Capt. Somers, 1804.* Line engraving 9.14 x 14.

14. *Naval Monument, 1804. To The Memory Of Somers . . erected by the officers of the Navy.* Lithograph, vignette, 10.10 x 8.12. Philadelphia, 1840, drawn from life by A. Hoffy, lithographed by Huddy & Duval.

15. *W. Bainbridge Esqr. U.S.N.* Stipple engraving 4.12 x 3.11. Philadelphia, painted by Gilbert Stuart, engraved by David Edwin, published by M. Thomas.

16. *U. S. Frigate Constitution, of 44 Guns.* Painted iron and tin tray, pierced lace-type border, diameter 18. Copied from the rare print drawn and published by William Lynn, engraved by Abel Bowen.

17, 18, 19, 20. *The Constitution and the Java, 1812.* Set of four aquatints, each about 14 x 18. London, 1814, drawn and engraved by Nicholas Pocock, published by Boydell & Co.

21. *Constitution capturing the British frigate the Java off the coast of Brasils, 1812.* Aquatint 12.14 x 18.6.

22. *Capture of H. B. M. Frigate Macedonian by the U. S. Frigate United States, 1812.* Philadelphia, 1813, painted by Thomas Birch, engraved by Benjamin Tanner.

23, 24. *The President and the Endymion, 1815.* Pair of oil paintings, 23.8 x 18. Possible attribution to Thomas Buttersworth.

25. *Commodore Charles Stewart.* Lithograph 10.4 x 7.13. Philadelphia, 1856, drawn from life by A. Hoffy, lithographed and published by Huddy & Duval.

26. *Capture of Cyane and Levant by the Constitution, 1815.* Lithograph 7.3 x 10.2. Philadelphia, 1840, painted by Birch, lithographed by Huddy & Duval.

27. *"Old Ironsides,"* a song dedicated to Charles Stewart. Lithograph 8.2 x 7.14. Philadelphia, 1856, drawn by T. P. Otter, lithographed by T. Sinclair.

28. *James Lawrence Esqr. Late of the United States Navy.* Stipple engraving 4.12 x 3.12. Philadelphia, 1813, painted by Gilbert Stuart, engraved by David Edwin, published by Moses Thomas. Vignette of the *Hornet* and the *Peacock*.

29. *The Hornet and the Peacock, 1813.* Water color 15.13 x 21.12. Painted by George Thresher.

30. *The Wounded Lawrence.* Aquatint 11.4 x 14.4. Philadelphia, 1814, drawn and engraved by William Strickland.

31, 32. *The Chesapeake and the Shannon, 1813.* Pair of aquatints about 13.2 x 18.3. London, 1813, painted by Robert Dodd and published by R. Dodd and G. Andrews.

33, 34, 35, 36. *The Chesapeake and the Shannon, 1813.* Set of four lithographs, each about 12.4 x 16.12. London, painted by J. Schetky, lithographed by L. Haghe, published by Smith, Elder & Co.

37. *The Chesapeake and the Shannon.* Oil painting 8 x 9.12. Painted by Thomas Luny, undated, unsigned.

38. *The Shannon Frigate Capturing the American Frigate Chesapeake, 1813.* Mezzotint 9 x 13.12. London, painted by W. B. Walker.

39. *Elegy on the Death of James Lawrence Esq.* A memorial with wood engraving 6 x 7.12 on silk.

40. *Captain James Lawrence.* Crayon on pink paper, frame size 22.4 x 17.4. Modern copy by Herman Tholey from an engraving by Charles Saint Memin.

41. *William Bainbridge.* Oil on canvas 28.8 x 23.4. Painted by Rembrandt Peale.

Who in Triumph Advances

DAVID C. MEARNS

During seven hours on Thursday, the 21st of February, 1861, President-elect Lincoln passed triumphantly through New Jersey, receiving enthusiastic ovations along the route from Jersey City to Trenton. On the eve of that date, February 20, 1959, as part of the national Lincoln sesquicentennial celebration, the New Brunswick Historical Club held a special meeting to commemorate the visit. Following is the main address of the occasion, presented by Dr. Mearns, noted historian and head of the Manuscripts Division, Library of Congress.

For him, too, time has wrought changes hereabout. Using as source-book the Middlesex County Telephone Directory, I am pleased to learn that one may today gain admittance from the Lincoln Key Company, purchase the Lincoln Properties, improved by the Lincoln Woodworkers, equipped by the Lincoln Hardware Company, buy a car from the Lincoln Avenue Motors, store it in the Lincoln Gardens Garage, sup at the Lincoln Cafe or the Lincoln Diner, fill a larder with produce from the Lincoln Farm Market, quench thirst through the delights of the Lincoln Beverage Company, summon the Lincoln Television Service, sniff in the Lincoln Greenhouses, consign adversaries to the Lincoln Storage Warehouse, and trace their genealogies at the Lincolnia Kennels. But ninety-eight years ago the situation was conspicuously different.

The route, to be sure, was circuitous and bore to the shortest distance between two points, or the flight of a crow, no discernible resemblance whatever. Still, in the minds of those sages, his self-appointed counselors, there were offsetting and superior advantages derivable from showing himself to as many of his passionate partisans as possible along the way. This unknown prodigy of the prairies might, moreover, by placing himself on public exhibition win over some of those whose enthusiasm for him and for his cause had been outwardly at least most magnificently concealed. Even so, many bids for his presence had had to be declined. The President-elect had been already on his way eastward for ten days and had not yet reached journey's end.

At the beginning of the month, that splendid Quaker, Charles S. Olden, had written from the Executive Department: "In com-

pliance with the request of the Legislature of this State, I have sincere pleasure in extending to you an invitation to visit our State Capital . . . and affording the citizens of New Jersey an opportunity to express the respect they feel for your character and position." Five days later Mr. Lincoln had dispatched his acceptance, "with much gratitude to you and them for the kindness and honor thus offered." He had added a postscript: "Please arrange no ceremonies that will waste time."

Mr. Lincoln's hours would extend to almost half a million but the seven he gave to New Jersey would be among the most completely documented and the most vivid of them all. More importantly, they would be happier than those he would pass so soon. His journey from Springfield was a triumphal progress and seemed to culminate in the great ovation in New York. So crowded were the planned festivities in Manhattan that Mr. Lincoln was obliged to decline the hospitalities of Mr. John J. Chetwood, of Elizabeth. Mr. Chetwood had suggested "that you and your family, when you come on to the inauguration will make my house your house. I am within half an hour of N[ew] York, and a few hours of Washington, to which there are several trains daily. My house is large enough for you all, and you can be as retired as you wish. New Jersey you know is safe conservative ground." But Abraham Lincoln had become a public figure; there would be no seclusion for a while.

At eight o'clock on the morning of Thursday, February 21st, he, his family and party emerged from the private entrance of the Astor House. For a moment he stood on the pavement, shaking hands with his hosts and repeatedly expressing gratification at the courtesies he had received. Then he climbed into his carriage and the procession clattered down to the foot of Cortlandt Street.

Despite the fact that it was almost an hour earlier than the time announced for his departure, there had been cheering along the way and a little company now stood on the dock to see him off. There was a short wait, while the elegant new ferry boat, the John P. Jackson, gay with streamers and bearing the welcomers from Jersey, was made fast. Then, when the plank had been lowered, the Presidential carriage drove on board, and Allen Dodworth's excellent band began to play. What it played is un-

certain. It is generally agreed that it played "Hail," but the reporter of the *New York World* heard "Hail Columbia," while the man from Newark's *Sentinel of Freedom* listened to "Hail to the Chief."

The Crossing

Mr. Lincoln alighted from his carriage, and the moorings were cast off. Instead of taking the direct course, the pilot headed down the bay toward Bedloe's Island. Mr. Lincoln was escorted to the ladies' cabin where he was subjected to a greeting from A. A. Hardenbergh, president of the Board of Aldermen. "Sir," he said, "we are commissioned on behalf of the municipal authorities of Jersey City to receive and escort you to the soil of New Jersey." He spoke of "the high respect so eminently due to the chosen chief of a mighty people." He alluded to Mr. Lincoln's expedition "to assume the chair of Washington."

As for Jerseymen, Mr. Hardenbergh had this assurance: "Devoted in their attachment to the Union of these States, they cling to it with unchanging fidelity, as the ark of their political safety. It is their prayer that the Republic may be immortal, and that He who controls alike the destinies of individuals and nations may guide and sustain you, Mr. Lincoln, in all your course for the conservation of the public weal."

Then, presumably running out of words, Mr. Hardenbergh concluded: "Welcome, thrice welcome to the soil of New Jersey!" Mr. Lincoln did not dissent from the sentiment, he merely bowed his acknowledgment, but he must have wondered how Mr. Hardenbergh reconciled the soil of New Jersey to the fact that they were then afloat on the water. It may have been a matter of riparian rights.

The ladies were brought forward and introduced, and Mr. Lincoln committed an exceptional act of gallantry. One journalist recorded it this way: "Miss Annie Smith, being more fortunate (as some thought) than the others, was honored with a kiss." Had that newshawk been less abstruse and more prophetic he might have noted that Mr. Lincoln had performed a ritual and established a precedent binding upon his successors to the latest generation: Annie was a babe-in-arms.

During a portion of the trip, Mr. Lincoln stood on the deck, silently watching the receding skyline, the ripples of the water

the cloudless heavens. A poet, nearby, watched how "in the pursuing brightness of ten thousand eyes the dawn of the morning yielded to perfect day," and hoped that it might be an earnest "of blessings shortly to beam upon the nation."

Continuously the band played patriotic airs, the harbor was animate with steamers, merchant ships, tug boats and schooners, shooting athwart each other's track; "sturdy sailors in seamen's accoutrements waved their tarpaulins from shrouds . . . and perches." Mr. Lincoln was enraptured. He confided a hope of one day enjoying "a fuller and more extended view" of the harbor.

As the John P. Jackson neared the dock, a detachment of Hudson County Artillery, stationed north of the depot, fired a salute of thirty-four guns; and the Cunarders, *Africa* and *Jura,* lying at their wharf, dressed for the occasion, completely covered from decks to mastheads with stars and stripes and union jacks "mingling in harmonious profusion," sent up an echoing salvo. In a moment, Mr. Lincoln was conducted on shore by Alderman Hardenbergh, followed by members of the committee, and was shaking hands with Mayor Van Vorst. Abraham Lincoln had made his first appearance in what he called "Old Jersey."

Jersey City

The Mayor took Mr. Lincoln by the arm and led him into the depot of the New Jersey Railroad Company. It was an imposing structure of envied and "mammoth magnitude." The gallery which surrounded the interior had been reserved for the exclusive occupancy of ladies, and was packed. Gentlemen thronged the floor. Those who could not gain admittance to the building worked their way to the roof and "contented themselves with a bird's eye view through the skylights." Its capacity was said to be ten thousand but twenty-five thousand had come to witness the proceedings. On a track, in the center, a "platform car" had been converted to a stage. It was "carpeted and hung with red, white and blue trimmings." The appearance of Mr. Lincoln was the "signal for protracted cheering almost drowning the music" of the band. Mr. Lincoln was conducted to the platform.

Governor Olden could not be present; he was in Washington attending a futile Peace Convention. In his stead, he had sent that man without reproach, William L. Dayton. Four years be-

fore, in the first Republican campaign he had run for the Vice Presidency on the ticket headed by John Charles Fremont. At the recent convention at Chicago he had been one of the contenders for nomination to the highest office in the land. He was now Governor Olden's Attorney General; he would be Mr. Lincoln's Minister to France.

Addressing Mr. Lincoln, General Dayton began by saying that the guest was welcome "to the hearts and homes of our citizens." Somewhat deprecatingly, he continued: "We may not hope to equal the magnificence of the ovation which has attended your course to the capital." He was sure, however, that "in cordiality we are second to none." There was enthusiastic applause when he affirmed that "We have assembled to testify to our appreciation of your character, our unwavering loyalty to the laws and the Constitution, and our devotion to the great interests of our country and the perpetuity of the Union." It was the desire of his fellow citizens "to live in harmony with all. The people of New Jersey prefer one country, one flag, one destiny." Then, looking straight at Mr. Lincoln, he said: "Upon you, sir, upon whom so much depends, we feel that we may depend, at least for rectitude of intentions. The people will attend you . . . with their fondest hopes, their best wishes, and their prayers."

Thereafter "it was some moments before the enthusiastic" shouts of approval "subsided sufficiently" to permit Mr. Lincoln to reply. He stood there gaunt and waiting. Then, at last, with that simple, halting manner, sometimes discoverable in his extemporaneous utterances, he acknowledged the tribute of the foremost Jerseyman:

> Ladies and gentlemen . . . I shall only thank you briefly for this very kind and cordial reception, given not to me personally, but to the temporary representative of the chief magistracy of the nation. In the kindness of the people, I shall be frequently met to-day as I am here, and time will not permit me to do more than express my thanks for your reception, and briefly to say farewell. You have done me the distinguished honor to extend your welcome through your great man, one whom it would be a pleasure to me to meet anywhere, and no State which possesses such a man can ever be poor.

That brought down the house. His orator's instinct told him to wind it up. "It would require an hour, in a well-considered ad-

dress," he said, on the verge of a split infinitive, "to properly reply to his brief speech, and I can only say that I heartily respond to and endorse all that he has said. Allow me most kindly to bid you farewell."

At that point "the cheering was revived, after which there were loud cries for Vice President Hamlin." It was announced that Hannibal had been detained in New York. Then the crowd insisted on an encore from Mr. Lincoln. Smiling broadly, he complied: "There appears to be a desire to see more of me, and I can only say that from my position, especially when I look around the gallery [*bowing to the ladies*], I feel that I have decidedly the best of the bargain, and in this matter I am for no compromises here."

The audience laughed, and "a son of Hibernia, of small stature, but great breadth of shoulders and resoluteness of purpose, managed to climb upon the platform and secure the hand of Mr. Lincoln, which he shook with more than ordinary Celtic enthusiasm. A policeman made free with the dwarfish son of Erin, and with his club punched him off the platform to the great delectation of the crowd."

The enthusiast was unabashed. "I got a shake of his hand," he insisted, "I am satisfied"; and Mr. Lincoln, nudging Mayor Van Vorst, remarked that "He is not the first one who, by the pressure of unforeseen circumstances has been compelled to desert his platform."

Mr. Lincoln then boarded his car, and precisely at eight-fifty-five o'clock "the steam whistle gave several shrill shrieks, the locomotive began the puffs premonitory of motion, and, amid the cheers of the crowd, 'Hail Columbia' by the band, and a cannon salute of thirty-four guns, the train started from the depot."

The Train

The train must have presented an extraordinary spectacle. It was drawn by engine No. 2, named for one of the Governors Pennington, a silken star affixed to the front of its boiler, its sides embellished with flags and flowers. Behind it, says one report, was coupled a smoker, set apart for the accommodation of "smaller fry politicians, disappointed in the hope of a confidential interview with his Excellency . . . where their despair was stifled in

clouds of opiate smoke." Behind it came two elegantly appointed parlor cars, one of which had lately been commissioned for the transport of the Prince of Wales during his recent visit.

The car provided for Mr. Lincoln was particularly elaborate. It was "decorated with small flags over the front and rear windows, and with festoons and rosettes of the national colors and bunting. Four lounges, two marble topped tables, with half a dozen ordinary seats, formed the furniture . . . On one table a gorgeous bouquet, in an oval basket, shed fragrance on the air — on the other table a large salver-pitcher and goblets of solid silver were placed." It was "richly carpeted and warmed with patent hot air furnaces with self-acting registers." The walls were covered with "mirrors and handsome engravings." This was described as being the "hindmost" car.

The middle car was almost equally resplendent. It, too, was handsomely fitted with tapestry, carpet, lounges, armchairs, and a center table on top of which flowers were beautifully disposed in a basin. The arrangements were the work of a Mr. Baker, Superintendent of Cars.

It is reported that the train "steamed cautiously toward Newark." Every precaution had been taken. "Flag men were stationed at all the prominent crossings, and the regular mail line preceded the train by a few minutes, so that any embarrassment might not remain to delay the President elect." Places "overlooking the road were thronged with men and women. Thy had climbed into trees and upon roofs, wherefrom continuous shouts rang up, deafening the noise of the train."

An observant passenger, notebook in hand, set down his impressions:

> On the rear seat, adjacent to the door leading to the rear platform, sat the President elect. Mrs. Lincoln, her sister Mrs. Edwards, the children, and Robert Lincoln, the eldest son, surrounded him. One of the juvenile Lincolns [it must have been Tad] carried a small flag, which he took great delight in waving at sundry times. He was a handsome little fellow, with a face of good humor, ever bordering upon a laugh, and his childish interest in the scenes through which he was passing gave animation to his eye and face, strangely contrasting with the serious bent of his father's brow, evidently grave above thoughts and feelings. For Lincoln the younger, there were tints in the clouds and a pleasant sunshine in all the slopes and streams . . . Abraham Lincoln was silent, perhaps even moody. Such was well, for

flippancy, or a leer, upon the forehead of the man to whom all eyes in the nation look, would have ill assorted with the somber time and his solemn trusts. We remarked, along the entire route, that while the clamors of citizens betrayed him often into publicity, and sometimes even into words, at no time were there evidences in his eye of unworthy gratification forgetful of the general clouds in his own sunshine. Mr. Lincoln, so far as we could observe, was ever the man of genial dignity. There was nothing of the demagogue in any word, movement, or expression. No cynic could have justly found anything to reprove; he was no longer "Uncle Abe the Railsplitter," or even "Abe Lincoln" or, more respectfully, "Lincoln," but the President Elect, bearing the dignity of his office, and yet abating nothing of that uniform cordiality which has made his name a synonym of kindness.

Newark

On schedule to the minute, the Lincoln special reached Newark's Morris & Essex Station at half past nine. Everything was in readiness for his coming. Two days before a committee had called on him at the Astor House. He had made but one personal request: "no speeches, introductions or hand-shakings." Details had been worked out with Mr. W. S. Wood, superintendent of the Lincoln itinerary. The Committee had announced that the President Elect would pass through the city from the Morris & Essex Railroad Station to the Chestnut Street Station, a mile and a half away, by way of Broad Street, where citizens were asked to take their positions away from the depots, in order that they might see the procession without interference with the line. Division Street and Chestnut Street below Mulberry would be kept clear of all persons and vehicles except the carriages provided for the guests. It had been necessary to decline General Runyon's proffer of his brigade because there would be no time for marching the militia. It was desirable that there should be no partisan exhibition of banners. Mr. Lincoln would be visiting Newark not as a Republican but as President Elect.

Let me repeat: Mr. Lincoln had asked that there should be no speeches, introductions or handshakings, but when he and General Dayton stepped from the car, Judge Cleaver, of the Common Council, presented Mayor Bigelow who felt compelled to honor the request by breaching it. He welcomed Mr. Lincoln to "the metropolis of the State" and told him that its citizens "have ever been loyal to the Constitution and maintained the integrity of the Union, and . . . entertain an ardent hope that your administra-

tion will be governed by that wisdom and by that discretion which will be the means of transmitting the confederated States, as a unit to your successors."

Mr. Lincoln listened with fixed attention. There must have been an expression on the faces of the men and women around him which somehow reminded him of home and of far-off, familiar comparisons, for when his turn came, he paraphrased the words he had spoken ten days before. "Mr. Mayor," he said, "I thank you for this kind reception to your city, and would say in response that my heart is sincerely devoted to the work you desire I should do. With my own ability I cannot hope to succeed, but I trust to be sustained by Divine Providence, and this great, free, happy and intelligent people. Without this I cannot hope to succeed; with it, I cannot fail."

There were cheers then and again when he entered the barouche, owned by Mr. Samuel Meeker, President of the State Bank. Hitched to it were four gray horses. The driver was I. Halsey Snyder. The Mayor, Judge Cleaver and General Dayton occupied seats beside the President Elect. Headed by a company of horsemen the procession of twenty carriages began to move.

Since early morning the streets had been almost impassable. Hackensack, Paterson, Elizabeth, "and a hundred little villages" had "sent their quota of spectators. Balconies and windows were crowded; vehicles of all possible patterns" had "rattled into town; the ladies" had "collected their choicest bouquets to welcome the anticipated guest." According to one newspaper account, "It seemed as though [the] entire population of half the state had gone wild with enthusiasm and delight. The people ran, shouted, hurraed, and waved hats and handkerchiefs to an astonishing degree. The roofs of stores, dwellings, factories and sheds were covered with nearly as many spectators as were in the streets."

Another journalist was even more amazed; he wrote that "Men, women, and children were temporarily insane. The ladies from their perches scattered flowers and threw kisses; the hoarse throats of the men roared cheer after cheer; all the city was in the streets and the streets could not have known themselves, so wild was the delight. Thousands of feet tramped after the carriage; the esteem of the citizens appeared to amount to worship; men wandered from their wits, and cried they knew not what."

Mr. Lincoln remarked that he himself had known no such rival exultation since his departure from Springfield. Along the way, flags were everywhere displayed. Mr. Cummings had placarded his fruit store with letters spelling "Welcome." Dave's dry goods store was decked in red, white and blue ribbons. McGregor, the clothier, displayed the national ensign. Mr. Lincoln spoke to his companions, commenting on the beautiful elms of the park, the population of the city, and some of its great statesmen. In front of his store, at 344 Broad Street, near the City Hotel, Roswell W. Holmes, merchant tailor, had hit upon an unusual way of displaying his wares, by suspending the effigy of a man with a long black beard bearing a whip in his nerveless hand. Beneath swung a board bearing the legend, "The Doom of Traitors." Some said the figure represented John Brown; others, that he was a Black Republican; while others held that it was nothing more than a slave-beating secessionist. Members of Mr. Lincoln's suite regarded it with evident distaste, but himself "took but a passing notice" of it. After all he had been hung in effigy himself.

At the Ninth Ward Public School, the students were arranged on three platforms — one of them adorned with "an elegant silk flag." When Mr. Lincoln passed, "the school sang 'Hail Columbia,' which the President acknowledged by rising and bowing three times." As the procession neared the Chestnut Street Station the crowds broke through the police lines and actually hemmed it in. A body of horsemen was compelled to ride through the mass, and even then the merest lane was opened. So great was the rush of the crowd that several persons wre thrown down and trampled. One Thomas Winton had his collarbone broken.

When, with the assistance of Police Lieutenants Garrabrant and Rowe, Mr. Lincoln finally gained the station, he immediately boarded the train. From the rear platform his friend from Elizabeth, Mr. Chetwood, introduced him to the concourse of persons who jammed the building. Mr. Lincoln bowed, thanked them for the complimentary turnout and went inside. At ten thirty-five, to the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" he was on his way again. It began to snow.

Rahway was reached at 10:40. There, DeGraw's Hotel had been put in readiness to receive him, but "owing to fatigue" Mr. Lin-

coln "was forced to decline the invitation to leave the train. He merely appeared for a moment without offering any remarks." At New Brunswick there was a pause long enough to permit Judge Van Dyke, of the Supreme Court, to deliver a welcoming address and to receive a polite statement in return. There, as at Elizabeth and Rahway, guns were fired "whose echo was heard as the train rattled into the open country."

At Princeton the students were out in force. It is recorded that as the train passed through their reception was featured by the ear-splitting sky-rocket cheer, and that Mr. Lincoln went out on the "hinder platform" to bow to them. When the excursion train which followed the Lincoln Special, drawn by a locomotive bearing Mr. Chetwood's name, arrived, many Princetonians boarded it and "pursued" Mr. Lincoln noisily singing "Gaudeamus Igitur."

Trenton

The climax of his New Jersey expedition came for Mr. Lincoln at the State Capital. The train reached Trenton at eleven-fifty. The sun was out again and the city was in holiday humor. Parties had come from Belvidere, Burlington, Lambertville, Easton and all the neighboring communities. Many of the gentlemen in the crowd about the station had made his advent the occasion for a binge. In a nearby beer parlor his warm adherent, Christopher Gerber had bet "that he could do what no democrat could." His challenge had been accepted, and Chris "first lifted twelve times in succession at arms'-length, above his head, a keg of lager." Then he "lifted it twelve times from the floor with his teeth." It is said that he won the wager.

Druggists did a lively business in the English Doctor Bellingham's preparation; a stimulating ointment "warranted to bring out a thick set of whiskers or a moustache in from three to six weeks."

Along the route the gendarmerie had been effective and stout-hearted. That could not be said of Trenton's "finest." Indeed, a reporter left this dismal recollection.

> The policemen of Trenton [he wrote] reminded us of the starred gentry employed at Camac's Woods on the occasion of Mr. Heenan's champion benefit. Some of them were lame; one or two were blind, and several pre-

pared themselves for usefulness by getting inebriated at an early hour. Most of them carried canes, and in deficiency of wardrobe and general dilapidation of hats and boots, they rivalled Pistol, Bardolph & Co. To these lawful folk we are indebted, with other strangers, for sundry gougings, shakings, and violent cuffs acquired in the discharge of our reportorial duties.

Perhaps they presented an invitation to crime. In any event pickpockets made off with about five thousand dollars, and for days thereafter the local press would contain items like this:

"A pocket-book containing papers, receipts &c., of S. Gillam who was one of the sufferers on Thursday last, has been left with John Ashmore, Janitor of the City Hall."

Or like this:

"The pocket-book of Ira Johnson, tax collector of Hamilton township, was found by a little boy in an out-house on Mr. Housel's place in Greene Street, and has been left at the Mayor's office." Surely it was a memorable day for Trenton!

Mr. Lincoln stepped from the train and was introduced by General Dayton to Mayor Mills. His Honor gave forth with words of gracious welcome which differed in no important particular from others heard that morning. Mr. Lincoln by way of answer "adverted to no political topic, but stated that he was proud to accept the hospitalities of the State of New Jersey." General Dayton carried Mrs. Lincoln and the boys off to his home for lunch, and the President-elect fell into line again behind the Paterson Blues and Trenton's German Rifles. As the cavalcade filed up State Street, "the propellers and vessels laying in the Trenton Basin had their flags and streamers flying." Private residences and places of business were decorated. The curious stood on the roofs of houses, in the rooms of the City Hall, and newspaper offices to watch the procession as it moved to the Capitol.

At twelve-fifteen, Mr. Lincoln, escorted by the Legislative Committee, appeared in the New Jersey Senate. That small chamber presented an attractive appearance. Strangers were confined to the lobbies situated considerably lower than the floor. Some highly privileged ladies sat in a little gallery just below, and adjacent to, the ceiling. The floor, where the Members sat, was kept clear. To this Mr. Lincoln was ushered. He stood, between his sponsors, gloved, slightly bending, but still a full head taller than any man about him; his shoulders seemed very broad. His head was thrust

forward as he was introduced by Senator Cook to the President of the Senate, Mr. Perry. President Perry was eloquent. He concluded his short greeting with these words:

"That you may receive from on High, wisdom to direct and strength to sustain you in the discharge of the laborious duties of your high office, and that you may so succeed as to merit the universal plaudit of 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' is, I am sure, to-day, the prayer of millions of freemen. Go, honored sir, to your great task, and may God go with you."

It is obvious from the tone of Mr. Lincoln's reply that the day's exertions had tired him. Perhaps he rambled ever so little. It is hard to know, for the published reports do not agree as to the words he used. The text as reproduced in the *Daily Gazette and Republican* had probably been edited. Another, possibly more accurate version has him speaking this marathon sentence:

I am exceedingly anxous that that thing which they [the Continental Army] struggled for; that something even more than national independence; that something that held out a great promise to all the people of the world to all time to come; I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the Constitution, and the liberties of the people shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which that struggle was made; and I shall be most happy, indeed, if I shall be an humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and of this, His chosen people for perpetuating the object of that great struggle.

At that point, on the motion of a Senator named Reckless, the Senate adjourned. Mr. Lincoln was then cast to the Assemblymen. There appears to have been confusion in the Assembly chamber. It is told how the "spectators in the rear cried: 'Down in front,' and those in front said 'sh-sh!' until the matter waxed exceedingly disorderly, and the Speaker of the Chamber spoke, in order to drown the strife."

Speaker Teese (and what a name his was for a Speaker!) felt constrained to dwell upon the gravity of the times. He made it very clear that "the bravest, the wisest, and the best stand still, in doubt and awe of the position of our national affairs." He pledged Mr. Lincoln a qualified allegiance.

He went on for a sentence or two and then subsided.

I am happy to give you, sir, the assurances of the descendants of those whose blood was shed in the cause of liberty upon this soil, of the continued

devotion of this State to the Constitution and the Union founded by our fathers, and that our people will heartily cooperate with you in all constitutional efforts for a speedy and honorable settlement of the differences which now unhappily distract our country.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lincoln had had an opportunity to recover his vigor and to determine upon the most significant and outspoken statement he had made since his election. It is unnecessary to repeat it all. One who listened said immediately afterward that there was "a conversational dignity" about it. "There was no fulsome humbleness in his manner of stating his unworthiness; but the mildness of a man, not too fearless to be rash, and not so fearful as prudent."

Mr. Lincoln declared, "the man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am; none who would do more to preserve it; but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly." The auditor noted that when he reiterated his devotion to peace, there was kindness and truth in his bearing, but when he spoke of putting the foot down firmly, "his shoulders seemed to straighten and his eye to kindle. He stood so during the fierce applause, as if unconscious of any emotion save his own expressed resolution."

Then Mr. Lincoln continued: "And if I do my duty, and do right you will sustain me, will you not?" As he posed that question of mingled pathos and humor to his political opponents, his shoulders seemed visibly to relax and into his eye there stole "the softness of a child." The watcher believed that his was a *"naivete* too powerful to be artful." The Assemblymen seem to have agreed. They shouted "Yes! Yes! We will!" Mr. Lincoln must have found confidence in their endorsement and have supposed it genuine.

Following his visit to the Capitol, Mr. Lincoln was driven to the Trenton House. There he was conducted to the second story, where a staging had been erected at one of the windows. Below, the military companies were drawn up on the pavement; behind them stood that great crowd. He thanked his New Jersey friends again for their goodness to him.

Mr. Lincoln then went down stairs to lunch. He was obliged to enter the dining room by way of the kitchen. This detour was necessitated by the throng which tussled with policemen in

the doors, and surged fearfully in the halls and on the front stairways. About five hundred persons shared the "excellent collation" with Mr. Lincoln but he was the only guest provided with a chair.

When he had finished, he went to his room, and "in fifteen minutes was again seated in his private car, and being whirled at a rapid rate through South Trenton across the Delaware, and into Pennsylvania." Abraham Lincoln's first visit to New Jersey was over. It had been nice to be hailed as the Chief.

But before the weekend was out there would be disaffection among the Jerseymen. They would excoriate him for his clandestine entry into Washington. Rapidly, the Union would dissolve in Civil War, and where there was not raw sorrow, there would be the wasting, the deadening of disappointment. In the presidential elections, four years later, Jerseymen would give their vote to their favorite son, the displaced general, the defeatist candidate. Could Copperheads strike so hard?

Actually, of course, on that far-off Thursday when Abraham Lincoln crossed the Delaware, his days of greatness lay ahead. Those days and his greatness would be summed up, long after, by the begotten of that old Revolutionary, "Thumbs" Chambers, of the Hunterton County Militia. His findings would be that

> The period of the presidency, the period when Abraham Lincoln matured and came to being, has escaped the microscopic examination which has been applied to his earlier, unexceptional career. It is because he was so much in and of his world that Abraham Lincoln is the foremost American. He is foremost because he was the central focal character in a bruising, bitter, wretched, splendid moment when many men were great and he was greater still. He is foremost because his contemporaries made him foremost, conceded his primacy, and conferred their power and their honor on him. In short, Abraham Lincoln stands alone in history largely because in life he stood among the people. Only through them, the inhabitants of a wide, broken, angry land, is it possible to find him. Their responses to him and his to them, their anguish and his sympathies, their aspirations and his endeavors, their reaching out and his upholding of them, are the strong roots from which his towering spirit grows.

If this is true (and I, for one, believe it) what then of the Jerseymen? Had the fires that Lincoln lit — here and at Newark and at Trenton, been the pyres of his own destruction? Had their intensity consumed them? A writer in Newark's *Daily Advertiser* had found omen in the climate. He wrote, the next day,

that "the weather, too, was suggestive of his political progress. The day opened with a bright sky, soon after obscured by frigid snow-squalls, and finally terminating in a clear invigorating atmosphere."

Perhaps that was it: perhaps the Jerseymen waited for the clearing. Mr. Lincoln had hardly passed through Rahway before a charming opera singer, writing in broken English, had besought him to take up the mortgage on her villa there. Even earlier, two girls of Irvington had adopted him as their brother. There had been the man in New Brunswick who had worn out his boots in the campaign and now asked Mr. Lincoln to buy him another pair. There had been the man in Orange who solicited compensation for injuries incurred in firing a cannon to celebrate the election.

But when Mr. Lincoln was in the White House and the heat turned on, there was a diminution of that sublime confidence. In that period, Mr. Lincoln received some two hundred and fifty letters from Jerseymen and most are easily categorized: applications for place, appeals for clemency, instructions for the conduct of the war, criticism of policy. For a sable season, the Lincoln experience was suspended. The man was diffused in the Head of State.

Perhaps, for Jerseymen, as for his biographers, Nicolay and Hay, the President, as individual, was displaced in popular imagination by the more compelling, the nearer considerations of the War and the sacrifices a loyal people made to it. Certainly, the State's participation in it was exemplary and ennobled. It was called upon for 78,248 troops; it supplied 88,305, a surplus of 10,057. It paid $2,275,989 to dependents and $23,000,000 in bounties. Two hospitals were established at Newark and one at Jersey City. There were national cemeteries at Beverly and Newark. Jerseymen who were killed or died in service numbered 218 officers and 6,082 enlisted men.

Then, in the healing spring of 1865, the spirit of Lincoln broke through the mist. A gentleman at Caldwell wrote: "My appreciation of your kind attention to an individual case like mine, in the midst of your great responsibilities and cares, is great indeed —and I desire to repeat the assurance of the grateful sense we shall ever have of the consideration and parental sympathy which

your action in this instance has evinced." From Mount Holly came this message: "May God bless you and your measures with complete and entire success." And from Hoboken, a veteran who had served two years in "Seward's Infantry," informed the President: "I have settled down in my avocation as Music Teacher and during my leisure moments composed a March. Always having been an ardent admirer of you and the principles you advocate, I desire to dedicate the March to you, to be called the 'Lincoln March.'"

On April 24th Mr. Lincoln came back to Jersey City. Again the throngs were great. Again the station was suitably decorated. Again the Cunarders did him honor. But there was a difference and it was hushed. There was starkness in the announcement:

> At Jersey City the assemblage was immense; but so admirable were all the arrangements that not a single disturbance or delay occurred in transferring the remains from the cars to the boat. The spacious depot of the New Jersey Rail Road Company was appropriately draped and exhibited several mottoes, one of which read
>
> GEORGE WASHINGTON THE FATHER
> ABRAHAM LINCOLN THE SAVIOR, OF OUR COUNTRY.

The remains of Lincoln! Could the black soil of Sangamon's Oak Ridge contain his essence? If it *could,* Mr. President, what are *we* doing here?

A NOTE ON SOURCES

THE principal manuscript collections used in the preparation of this address were the Robert Todd Lincoln Collection of the Papers of Abraham Lincoln and the John G. Nicolay Papers, both in the Library of Congress. Printed sources included inter alia the *Newark Daily Advertiser,* the *Newark Evening Journal,* the *Newark Sentinel of Freedom,* the *State Gazette and Republican* (Trenton), and the metropolitan press of New York and Philadelphia.

Central New Jersey Chairmaking of the Nineteenth Century

WILLIAM H. MACDONALD

The writer, a Pennington resident, retired recently as director of the Division of Local Health Services, State Department of Health, after forty-three years' service with the Department. Long a student of antiques, Mr. MacDonald is a member of various collectors' and historical societies.

CHAIRMAKING was an active industry in small shops in central New Jersey during the nineteenth century; however, its peak was reached shortly after the middle of the century and at its close had almost disappeared. Shops of this kind were scattered through the counties of Monmouth, Middlesex, Mercer, and Hunterdon, often in small communities, but sufficiently near larger centers to afford a market beyond strictly local needs and within hauling distance by horsedrawn wagons.

Chairs made at these shops varied to some degree in style and type, yet the most common was the three-slat variety with straight or bent rear posts, rush seat, and with slats and posts decorated either by use of stencils or by freehand or by both. Relatively few plank-seat chairs were made in these small central New Jersey shops. Some chairs, chiefly rockers, were made with four slats in the back; however, these also had rush seats with the slats decorated.

In addition to proximity to a market for the product, availability of satisfactory wood was a factor in the location of these shops. Wood split and seasoned from trees of maple was favored for posts; poplar or maple for slats; hickory for rounds or rungs, as they were commonly called, and ash or oak for pieces about which the rush seats were formed. Growths on the flat land along South River near the present sites of Sayreville and South River boroughs were the chief sources of rush. Some makers used for seats the common cattail from local marshy places. These chairs were a handmade article throughout. Makers cut down trees, worked the logs into chair stock either by their own efforts or in local mills, allowed the wood to season, and turned it into chair size stock by manually-operated lathes.

*Several chairmakers' tools are deposited in the museum of the Monmouth County Historical Association at Freehold, New Jersey. For more detailed information see article by the author in the *Chronicle of Early American Industries*, January 1946.

Tools* used by these makers were simple and adapted for the purpose — ax, saw, broad ax, plane, draw knife, brace and bit, mallet, gouges and chisels; for the seats small mallets called "matting tools" and flattened pieces of wood called "stuffers." In bending posts, a device called a "crimp" was used, and for convenience in putting in rush seats, a "matting stool" or "cricket." Patterns of hard wood for posts were also used.

Stencils for decorations were cut from sheets of ordinary ledger paper and reused whenever possible. Frames were usually finished with a red tint by the use of a thin covering coat of black over a prime coat of red. Seats were usually painted yellow.

Many operators of these small shops followed other lines of work, particularly during the summer and fall seasons; farming, house painting, broom making and basket working were among these occupations. Only a few in this area acted as undertakers and in this respect differed from small-shop cabinetmakers so many of whom combined coffin-making and undertaking with the making of furniture.

Chairmaking was a skilled trade. It was common for a son to work in his father's shop, learning the trade and later to carry on the business in the same shop or start in business for himself. The apprentice system was also followed, the youth agreeing to work for the chairmaker for three years for board, lodging and clothing; after this, having demonstrated his proficiency, he was given a small sum and had the right to seek a position in another shop, to set up a shop of his own or to continue in the shop of the master workman as a wage-earning assistant.

Markets for the products of these small shops in central New Jersey, in addition to strictly local trade, were furniture shops in Trenton, New Brunswick, Freehold, and Flemington. The output of some of these shops for a year was not more than ten sets of six chairs; other shops had a much greater output, a few reaching an annual total of a thousand chairs.

The price received for these handmade articles was ridiculously low when considered by present standards. The three-slat straight-back variety retailed from local shops at $1.00 to $1.25 each; the bent-backs for $1.25 to $1.50 each. The wholesale price of bent-back chairs was $5.00 to $7.00 for a set of six. Three-slat rockers brought at wholesale about $6.00 per

half dozen and four-slat rockers of this type about $7.00 per half dozen.

Although these small shops have disappeared and most of the chairs made in them have been discarded, interest in surviving examples of this handmade American product is increasing. Many battered examples are being reclaimed from attic and basement, reconditioned and viewed with satisfaction as something "old" or even as antique.

Who were the hard-working artisans whose skill and labor produced these chairs? Diligent search can reveal some of the forgotten names and facts, which are recorded below. While the present study deals with central New Jersey, it must be noted that other counties also had chairmakers working both in small shops and in more formally organized establishments.

The data which follow have been procured from various sources over the years, as opportunity afforded. It has been possible for the writer to talk directly with a few chairmakers, now deceased. Information has also been obtained from members of chairmakers' families, from chair owners and from such sources as census records, newspapers, cemetery records, and account books.

May others be encouraged to seek further data about this group of makers whose product was so definitely a part of living in central New Jersey and elsewhere during the mid-nineteenth century.

MONMOUTH COUNTY

Monmouth County chairmakers include several who gained considerable reputation locally. Among these, Pierson Thompson ranks high in importance not because he was the earliest in the county or the most successful, but because his was the shop in which several learned the trade who later carried on businesses of their own.

PIERSON THOMPSON. The Thompson shop was operated several years prior to 1850 and a few years after. It was located at Englishtown very near the present site of the local railroad station. He made sturdy rush-seat chairs, some being of the type often referred to as spear-back. A chair of this latter variety identified as made in the Thompson shop is well constructed with bent rear posts. The back has a wide slat at the

top with three spearpoint spindles extending down from this slat to a cross piece fixed into the rear posts a few inches above the seat. The single front stretcher is of medium size with a narrow two-ball turning.

Thompson died in 1853 during an illness reported to have followed a severe cold which he contracted while attending court at the county seat, Freehold. His grave marker in the historic Old Tennent burial grounds bears the inscription: "Pierson Thompson, Who died April 25, 1853, Age 52 years." Thompson evidently was highly regarded as a master workman since several young men learned their trade at his shop. The total number is problematical; however, among those who definitely branched out from Thompson's shop as chairmakers and as operators of their own establishments are John Leonard and John A. Clayton.

John Leonard. John Leonard was born in 1810 at New Brunswick, New Jersey, and at an early age came to Monmouth County where he lived until his death in 1894. He is buried at the Old Tennent burial ground. John's father, Michael, was born in Ireland. Leonard learned the chairmaking trade at the Englishtown shop of Pierson Thompson. After Thompson's death in 1853, Leonard continued at the same shop for a time, then built a home and a chairmaking shop of his own at Rue's Corner, about two miles from Englishtown. Leonard made several types of chairs, all with rush seats. Most of his chairs were of the three-decorated-slat variety, both straight and bent backs. However, he also made three-slat rockers, children's high chairs with a step attached to the front posts, nursery chairs and, on special order, rockers with arms and with a back of four slats. In these four-slat chairs the rear posts were higher than posts in the three-slat type; in front below the seat there were two plain stretchers.

Leonard cut maple for chair posts and oak for rounds from his own woodlot. He purchased poplar elsewhere. Later in his business career, he followed the practice of having poplar logs sawed into planks at Andrew Clark's sawmill between Englishtown and Old Bridge. Poplar as well as the maple and oak timbers were worked up into chair stock at Leonard's shop. Rush was cut by Leonard and his helpers from the marsh along South River, hauled in bundles to the chair shop, cured and stored ready for use as needed. Leonard operated his chair shop throughout the year, yet he did some farming on his own place. His chairs in addition to local sales, were sold to furniture stores in New Brunswick, Matawan, and Farmingdale. His largest single wholesale customer was Manning's Furniture Store in New Brunswick. Deliveries to stores were made by Leonard with his own team and wagon. The usual price for his three-decorated-slat, straight-back, rush-seat chair was $1.00 to $1.25; the three-slat bent-backs, $1.50. He did not make cane-seat or all-wood chairs.

On order, Leonard made a few rush-seat settees. In style, each of these had four posts in the rear, four in front and a wood band about the entire outer edge of the rush seat. In his settees Leonard constructed the end front post as a single piece from the floor to the arm. This style of post and arm differs from the style of other makers of rush-seat settees in this section.

John Leonard, although he may have striped a few of his chairs without aid, rarely personally undertook decorating slats or posts either freehand or by the use of stencils. For this decorating work he hired others, particularly James Herbert, who lived on the Englishtown-Old Bridge Road. Herbert, a farmer by occupation, probably did not make chairs; he was skilled in brush work and was hired by local wagon-builders to stripe wagons. He also used his talent in the decoration of Leonard chairs. His visits to the shop were so timed that a fair number of new chairs had been assembled and painted when he came, thus making it possible for him to work on the decorating without delay. He furnished his own stencils. No doubt while James Herbert was decorating chairs for John Leonard, the latter's son Peter and also Joseph G. Herbert, the young man who married a daughter of Leonard, closely observed the decorating process, or perhaps were actually given instructions by James, since later these two decorated the Leonard product. Most of Leonard's straight-back side chairs were decorated by freehand; all bent-backs by use of stencils.

Leonard had several children and evidently was a tolerant father. One of the sons related a story that, when a young boy, he was sent to bed for punishment by his mother during the afternoon of a pleasant day. The lad having overheard his father say he was going fishing for eels, coaxed so strongly that the father persuaded the mother to relent and permit him to go along. The climax of the story is that the son hooked such a big eel that his pole broke.

Peter Leonard. Beginning at the age of twelve, Peter definitely assumed duties in the chair shop of his father, John Leonard, at Rue's Corner near Englishtown. These duties were increased as his strength and ability developed and in 1867, at the age of twenty-one, he was receiving board and lodging and a monthly wage of fifteen dollars. After working two years for this pay, he gave up chairmaking, left the home, and followed another line of work. This, however, proved to be only temporary and, partly because of his early training in chairmaking and partly because of his mother's persuasion, he returned to Rue's Corner and there carried on the chairmaking business for several years in his father's shop. Finally his desire for other work again prevailed and he gave up the chair business to follow the trade of house painter and still later to conduct a grocery store at Old Bridge, New Jersey. His death occurred in Old Bridge in 1934, when he had reached the age of eighty-

seven. The Leonard chair shop was in active operation for a period of at least thirty years.

Chairs made at the Leonard shop, both by John and his son Peter, were finished in black or in imitation mahogany, an effect created by spreading a relatively thin coat of black paint over a prime coat in which the coloring agent was rose-pink or Venetian red. While John secured the services of James Herbert to stencil and decorate his chairs, Peter performed this work without aid, or at times with the help of his brother-in-law, Joseph G. Herbert. Undoubtedly both learned not only to cut stencils but to use them in decoration by observing the older Herbert work. Bronze powder was used most extensively by Peter in decorating. Fifty-three stencils from the Leonard shop have been preserved, some of them doubtless stencils used by the decorator, James Herbert, or copies of his material. They consist almost entirely of fruit and flower designs. There are only a few conventional designs and none of birds or animals. The fruit designs include four small and one large pineapple, all but one of which have leaves at the top; two peach designs; and a group of six cherries or grapes with the heavier part of the stem cut out in the stencil. An unusual single fruit basket item is also included. Other single stencils used in combination to form complete patterns for a chair slat included one small and one medium-size maple leaf and a large rose having four outer petals.

Stencils in the collection which show considerable use are a spray of daisies and a poorly cut middle-slat stencil with the central item shaped like a four-leaf clover. It is peculiar that among the surviving stencils from the Leonard shop there is only one long narrow pattern suitable for decorating posts. This is a simple elongated diamond design.

Joseph G. Herbert. Joseph G. Herbert was born on a farm on the Jamesburg-Freehold road in 1848. His father, James C. Herbert, was a chairmaker. Joseph while a boy of fourteen years went to live with John Leonard and it was at the Leonard shop rather than from his father that he learned chairmaking. He worked at the Leonard shop for about five years and married one of Leonard's daughters. At the age of nineteen he left the shop to take employment with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Four years later he established a home in the village of Tennent where he made chairs for about two years, then gave up the business to conduct a grocery store. His chair shop in the village of Tennent was at his home on the main street leading from the railroad station toward Tennent Church. While engaged in chairmaking on his own account and subsequently, he helped at times in decorating chairs made at the Leonard shop at Rue's Corner. Joseph G. Herbert's total output of chairs was only about two hundred, all of the three-decorated-slat, rush-seat variety and all sold to families in the immediate neighborhood. He made no cane or wood-seat chair. Actually most if not all the chairs by this

maker were only assembled and decorated by him since it was his practice to purchase posts and other parts from his brother, J. Davidson Herbert. Rush used in his seats was purchased cured.

Stencils were used in decorating his chairs although he also used freehand work to a considerable degree. His favorite design on the top slat of his chairs had as the central figure a red rose with sprays of green leaves. Eighty stencils from the Joseph G. Herbert collection have been preserved. They include, of course, those used by him on the chairs made at his shop in Tennent. Also it is likely that some of the stencils came into his possession from James Herbert, the decorator, since both aided in decorating chairs made at the Leonard shop. A few specimens in this collection were obviously cut later than the great majority. It is possible that these few were added by Aaron Sutphin, a wagon-builder who after 1900 redecorated a few chairs and for this work borrowed and used Joseph G. Herbert's stencils. Herbert's stencils included seven different rose designs, a pattern he favored, several large leaf designs, and odd sprays. One unusual design is a castle; another is a building in Chinese style. There are several complete designs, conventional in type, of sizes for both top and middle slats. Stencils for posts show a preponderance of well-cut spiral or rope designs in several variations.

James C. Herbert. This maker also was a farmer. At the time of his marriage he had a farm on the Jamesburg-Englishtown road. While living there he made some chairs, all of the slat-back, rush-seat variety. Later he moved to the village of Englishtown and made chairs at his home, located back of the central public school building. James C. Herbert is said to have decended from a German immigrant who was a chairmaker. Where James C. learned chairmaking has not been established; however, if he had an ancestor skilled in the craft, it is likely he learned from this ancestor or from some other relative.

James C. Herbert had three sons: William, Joseph G. and J. Davidson Herbert. William did not follow chairmaking seriously. Joseph G. left home at an early age and learned chairmaking at the Leonard shop. J. Davidson Herbert continued to live with his father and learned chairmaking from him. James C. Herbert's output was limited, and was sold almost exclusively to families in the vicinity. His product, particularly his later chairs, reflected only fair workmanship; most were straight-backs. Generally his chairs were decorated by freehand work. He died in about 1895 at the age of eighty-four years. In the official census of 1870 he is listed as a chairmaker in Manalapon Township and owning property valued at $1,000.

James Davidson Herbert. This chairmaker and soldier was born in 1840 on the farm of his father, James C. Herbert, on the Jamesburg-Englishtown road in Monmouth County. He died at Englishtown in

Monmouth County chairmakers. *Top left:* Spear-back, rush-seat chair from the Pierson Thompson shop, Englishtown, about 1840. *Right:* Three-slat, bent-back chair, made by J. Davidson Herbert, Englishtown, about 1866. *Bottom left:* Three-slat, rush-seat rocker, from the Clayton shop, Allentown, which operated about 1858-95. *Right:* Three-slat, bent-back rush-seat chair from Leonard shop, Rue's Corner, operating about 1855-85.

MONMOUTH COUNTY CHAIRMAKERS. *Top left:* Unusual rush-seat chair, accredited to Michael Maps, West Long Branch, about 1775. *Right:* Three-slat, bent-back rush-seat chair, maker Anthony Kennedy, Allentown, about 1857. *Bottom left:* Child's rush-seat high chair (step missing), from Clayton shop, Allentown, which operated about 1858-95. *Right:* Three-slat, rush-seat chair, maker William Killey, Allentown, 1868.

1924. At the age of ten years he began as a helper in his father's chairmaking enterprise, his earlier efforts being limited to the putting-in of rush seats. He helped his father both in farming and in chairmaking until nineteen years old, then was employed at the Leonard chair shop for a short period. He enlisted and re-enlisted as a private in the Union Army and was honorably discharged on June 14, 1865, at Baltimore from Company F, 14th Regiment, New Jersey Infantry, commanded by Captain R. March. The official discharge document describes him as twenty-two years of age, five feet eleven inches high, ruddy complexion, blue eyes, sandy hair, and "by occupation when enrolled, a chairmaker." It is interesting to note that in September, 1864, evidently while in military service and before his marriage in 1870, he made a will leaving bequests to his father, James C., his brothers, Joseph and William, his sisters, Mary and Martha, and to his mother Eleanor.

J. Davidson Herbert again actively worked at chairmaking after discharge from the Army and built a shop on the road extending west from Englishtown, parallel to the Englishtown-Jamesburg road. Although his brother William helped him for a short time, J. Davidson Herbert's chairs were almost exclusively the product of his own efforts. He prepared his wood alone, cutting trees from woodlots in the vicinity, splitting and sawing them into chair stock size, turning the posts on a foot-treadle lathe, shaping, steaming, and bending the posts in his own rack, finishing and decorating the frames and slats, and putting in seats with rush harvested by him from the marsh along South River. His chairs were of the three-slat, rush-seat type, including both bent and straight backs. He also made three-slat rockers without arms. It was his practice to leave the rear posts of his straight-backs round and the front posts had a single ring-turning near the top below the seat. His chairs had two plain stretchers on each side, one in the back. The front stretcher was relatively heavy with a spool-like turning at the middle. In addition to his regular output, he made on order a very limited number of chairs, probably four dozen, special in design, having a square seat bound by wood strips on all sides and with a block over each front post. In this chair the top slat was wider than the usual and fastened to the rear posts by screws. Some of this maker's chairs were decorated by the James Herbert who decorated chairs at the Leonard shop; most of the J. Davidson Herbert chairs, however, were decorated by his own hand.

Twenty-four stencils preserved from this shop include a variety of conventional designs. There is a single peach design and a complete slat design having a pear at the center. The stem of the pear is cut in the stencil and points to the left. A fruit basket design is so cut that if applied to a chair slat without shading, the sides of the basket would appear in solid color. One maple-leaf design and an elm leaf design are included. A stencil showing considerable use resembles a spray of three heads of wheat. There are also two designs of birds at rest. No other animal design

and no single rose design is included. His favorite patterns for the wide top slat of his chairs were of peaches and pears.

J. Davidson Herbert's output of chairs necessarily was limited since they were so nearly the product of only one worker. Sales were made locally at retail; however, many of his chairs were sold at wholesale rates to furniture dealers in Freehold and New Brunswick. He had the reputation of underselling competitors. Straight-back chairs he sold for as low as three dollars per set of six; bent-backs for as little as five dollars a half dozen. If customers objected to paying the customary price of forty cents for renewing a worn-out rush seat, he would put in such a seat for twenty-five cents.

His chairs were structurally good, painted black, decorated usually by the use of a stencil but sometimes only by freehand, striped and varnished. The seats were usually painted yellow.

John Reid Jewell. At one time John Reid Jewell worked for David Laird, took part in making chairs at Laird's shop and may have learned the trade there. He lived on a farm on the road from Englishtown to Rue's Corner not far from John Leonard's chair shop. Later he lived in Cranbury, New Jersey. Born in 1802, he died in 1890 at Rahway, New Jersey.

In addition to making a limited number of chairs, he farmed and conducted a grocery store at Black's Mills. His chairmaking was carried on at home. A chair identified as made by him is a study, rush-seat, bent-back, with three striped slats, finished in light brown. The front stretcher is roughly diamond-shaped, the workmanship good. Although one of his chairs was finished in light brown, it does not follow that this color was predominately used by this maker. He did not make rockers. Some cane-seat chairs were made, probably in the manner of chairs made at Laird's shop.

John A. Clayton. This Monmouth County resident was born at Englishtown in 1820 and learned chairmaking at the shop of Pierson Thompson. About 1855 he moved to Allentown, also in Monmouth County, where he lived until his death in 1890. For a few years after coming to Allentown, he worked in local chair shops, including Anthony Kennedy's shop, and for a short period, Zebulon Byard's. About 1860 he established his own place over the blacksmith shop of Isaac Rogers in a brick building which then stood on Main Street near the site on which the local bank was later built. Within a few years the chair business was moved to a shop on Pearl near Church Street, where in due time his son joined in the enterprise. This building, although altered materially, was still standing in 1958, at 9 Pearl Street.

James H. Clayton. The son of John A. Clayton, born in 1852, worked in his father's chair shop as a boy, became a partner when twenty years of age, and later conducted the business alone. He continued in business at the same place until his death in 1937. However, by the end of the

century, chairmaking had been given up and replaced by the sale of paints, picture frames and furniture. Clayton was respected as a citizen; he was a member of the Odd Fellows Lodge and a staunch member of the local Methodist Church.

Chairs made in the Clayton shop were chiefly the three-slat, decorated, rush-seat variety, including both straight and bent-backs. Three-slat rockers were made, some four-slat rockers without arms, and low bedroom or slipper chairs. Children's high chairs with a step in front and children's nursery chairs were also among the shop's products.

An advertising card of the business of J. A. Clayton and Son proclaims them to be 'manufacturers of Walnut, Oak and Maple, Cane, Rush and Wood Seat Chairs and dealers in Furniture in general variety, at City Prices.' While cane and wood-seat chairs were advertised and offered for sale, the firm made few chairs other than the rush-seat variety. Certainly wood-seat rockers and plank-seat chairs were not made at the Clayton shop. Some chairs of this type which were sold were purchased from a firm in New York City; some from one or more furniture dealers in Trenton. Plank-seat chairs were also bought for resale from another Allentown chair shop operated by Zebulon Byard and Son.

Wood for the rush-seat chairs made at the Clayton shop was cut from woodlots in the vicinity of Allentown; maple was used for posts, oak for stretchers and poplar for slats. For matting rounds, the name given the pieces which join the posts and over which the rush seats were fabricated, the Claytons used ash. To obtain this wood they purchased odd pieces from wagon builders in Allentown and Trenton who used ash particularly for the bowed supports in wagon tops. Posts and stretchers for Clayton chairs were turned at the shop by means of a foot-treadle lathe. The Claytons, however, were inclined to seek out ways and means of reducing the amount of hand work in chairmaking. It is not astonishing, therefore, to find them later purchasing wood already sawed and turned into chair stock at the sawmill of Sy Buzby, at Crosswicks, and still later at the sawmill in the village of Allentown run by William Bozart. Some other chairmakers in this vicinity also bought chair stock from the Bozart mill which supplied this stock without variety of turned design. After this material came into use, there resulted marked similarity, except in the stenciling, between Clayton chairs and chairs by some other local makers who also purchased the Bozart mill output.

At first, posts to be used at the Clayton shop in bent-back chairs were steamed in copper vats at the hat-making establishment of George Myers located very near the site at which the Allentown Bank was later built. The rack in which the steamed posts were bent, fastened and held until dry, had a capacity of about thirty posts. The Claytons, however, had a special tool used as an aid in bending posts. This consisted of a wood roller fastened in an iron frame to a chairmaking bench, extending over one end in such manner that a steamed post could be inserted between the end of the bench and the roller. The post could then be bent gradually

by hand over the roller before being inserted into the drying rack. Rush was harvested from marshes along South River; however, in later years of the business, rush was purchased from a dealer at Marcus Hook and shipped to Trenton and Bordentown.

Chairs by the Claytons were finished with a prime coat containing Venetian red or Rosepink; the latter was fairly commonly used by the Claytons and some chairs with this prime coat did not have the thin black second coat which was always applied over a basic coat containing Venetian red. Generally side chairs from this shop had two round stretchers on each side below the seat and one in the back; in front the single stretcher had a simple turning.

Clayton chairs were decorated by the use of stencils, both on slats and posts. Yellow lines were added by hand. One hundred fifty stencils have been preserved from this shop. They show a wide range in subject, type, and size. For slats, complete patterns of conventional designs prevail. While there are many single designs, there is none of a fruit basket or a rose. There are, however, several complete designs with a rose as the central figure. No animal design is included but there is an interesting pattern of a swan with partly raised wings. Also interesting are three boat designs, one of a sailing vessel with sails spread, one of a sailing vessel near a lighthouse, and another showing several small boats sailing. A much-used stencil for a top slat is a conventional design with a crudely shaped lyre at the center; another well-used stencil has as the central figure an urn-shaped basket. Stencils for posts show decided preference for variations of the spiral or rope pattern.

Helpers at the shop at different times included William Gulick, Cyrus Tindall, William Killey, William Peters, Samuel Bunting, and Peter Hember. Clayton chairs were sold locally at retail and were wholesaled to stores in Trenton and in New Brunswick. Straight chairs sold for one dollar each at wholesale and a little more at retail. Three-slat rockers brought from six dollars and fifty cents to seven dollars per half dozen; four-slat rockers, seven dollars and fifty cents for six. These were of superior workmanship. The back had two slats only, each decorated, the very wide top slat being fastened to the posts by screws. Rush in the seats was used in finer strands then in the ordinary chairs. There was no block over the front posts but a wood band was attached to all edges of the seat. The Clayton shop was prosperous. At the peak of its operation, the annual chair output was about one thousand.

[*To be continued*]

ANTIQUER'S ATTIC

MARGARET E. WHITE

WHAT is "antique"? Webster defines the word as referring to something old, belonging to antiquity, or of a bygone style. In the following article Ione M. Sonn describes something pertaining to ancient beliefs that was unique in this area and that for half a century remained unnoticed or unquestioned by the average passerby. It is always delightful to find a bit of folklore preserved in one's immediate environment, and how very seldom this happens. In fact, are we apt to recognize the symbols of such lore when we see them? That the meaning of such symbols may be complicated or even shrouded in the mists of antiquity is made clear in Miss Sonn's article.

We are happy to welcome Ione Sonn back to "Antiquer's Attic." Her article "Highlights on Newark Ironware" appeared in the October, 1955, issue of *Proceedings* and some will remember her as the daughter of Albert H. Sonn, well-known artist and collector.

OLDER THAN AMERICAN COLONIAL

IONE M. SONN

ON the south side of Seventh Avenue near High Street in Newark (an area now almost entirely Italian), there stood until quite recently a large brick apartment house with the typical twin-windowed facade fashionable around the 1880's and '90's. A searcher for the old would pass it by as run-of-the-mill for its period unless he happened to look as far as the top. There, superimposed on the formerly flat-roofed structure, was a startlingly different cornice unique in Newark or any of our American cities.

Made of concrete irregularly marked off to resemble old ashlar, this cornice was divided into three large panels. From the center of the middle one stared an ox or bull's head crudely modelled in high relief, with menacing dark horns, lolling red tongue and black hypnotic eyes outlined with tiny white mosaic tiles. Centered in each end panel was a conventionalized eight-rayed yellow sun symbol. And across the top marched seven evenly spaced merlons, arrow-shaped like those on many an ancient castle wall. The whole feature was a

thought-provoking combination of pagan and medieval, arresting on a present day American building.

"P. GIANETTA — 1917" carved on the stone lintel over the front entrance to the house indicated the shift to Italian ownership and the date of the cornice, obviously added at that time.

Older Italians in the district looked very uneasy when questioned about the bull's head, professing complete ignorance. But two young women finally explained rather sheepishly, "It's to keep the people in the house from getting sick and having bad things happen to them." In short, it was to ward off evil. Its other attribute—to promote increase — though unacknowledged, was doubtless an added reason for its use even if only a subconscious one.

For the owner and his tenants and neighbors the bull's head was of course the important unit, the sun symbols just decoration, their real significance unknown. But the two combined link the cornice with the old sun-bull cult of Mithra. This was brought to Italy from the Middle East around the middle of the first century B.C., and became increasingly popular throughout the entire Roman Empire until officially banned three ceturies later through the influence of the Christian Church, its closest rival.

Altarpieces and sections of decorated wall discovered in the ruins of ancient Mithraic temples portray Mithra, god of light and truth, accompanied by .some form of his symbol, the sun, and also by either body or just the head of the sacred bull slain by the god to release the various forms of animal and vegetable life helpful to man.

The pose and the modelling of the Seventh Avenue bull's head resemble those on at least one such altarpiece that has been unearthed. And the whole design of P. Gianetta's cornice was probably inspired by his memory of a Mithraic relic in the Italy of his boyhood. But it was doubtless even more strongly influenced by the persistent faith in the beneficent powers of the bull's head or just its horns which is rooted in race memories of bull cult practices and beliefs as old as tribal man.

This faith survives in several customs, notably the South Italian one of putting an actual bull's skull or just his horns, or a painting of either of them, over the main entrance to village homes or over an inner door or the fireplace. There is a Newark instance of this custom on Fourteenth Avenue (an area now largely Italian though formerly part of what was called "German Hill"). The owner of that tiny coal, oil and ice shop fastened an actual ox or bull's skull on the gable peak of it. Not content with this protection against evil, he also put a horseshoe over his front door, and to the left of the door erected an appealing little shrine to Santissima Maria, dated 1919—about the same time that P. Gianetta built his bull's head cornice.

Putting a horseshoe over a door for good luck is usually traced to the sixteenth or seventeenth century superstition that it would keep out witches. But some authorities now hold that it derives from an older

Roman custom of driving nails into a house wall to keep out the plague through the magic of the iron in them. This would base it earlier than the Christian era, and would bring the use of the bull's head and the horseshoe closer in time and antecedents. By comparison the little shrine with two thousand years of faith behind it seems almost young.

The Seventh Avenue house was demolished to make way for the present housing project. But for almost two generations Newark possessed in the large structure and the tiny frame one on the other side of the city from it, each with its unusual architectural embellishments, something with roots older than American Colonial.

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